

SCAMP

JUNE 1965
FIFTY CENTS



A SHORT HISTORY OF UNDESS • THE WORLD'S GREATEST IMPOSTORS

LOVE ON A SHOESTRING • THE TRUTH ABOUT KNIGHTS AND NIGHTIES

GUIDE FOR BOUDOIR JOKERS • BACK TO THE BIRDS AND BEES

Come Inside...



... this issue of SCAMP for a melange

magnifique of sparkling stories, absorbing articles and an

array of beauty that would make any eye stop, glisten and look.



SCAMP

THE SPARKLING COMPANION FOR MEN

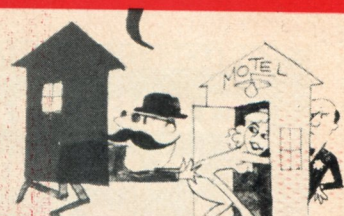


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JUNE, 1963
VOL. 6, NO. 4

TED GOTTFRIED
editor

MICHAEL PAUL RAND
art director

MURRAY BARTON
associate editor



CLEOPATRA'S PLAYSUIT



THE PERFECT GIFT FOR YOUR FEMME FATALE. Styled in authentic Egyptian colors and designed on saharan cotton fabric. It's a wonderful conversation piece when worn at informal parties, at costume parties, as an "ice-breaker" and as a full apron. And it makes a unique gift or a gag for the woman who has everything! If the favorite girl thinks she's a VAMP, get her one of these and let her play the part.

Enclosed find \$.....check, cash, money order

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY & STATE.....

CREAM OF WIT

Daddy: "Listen son, don't you think for a minute that you are going to marry my daughter!"

Laddy: "Fine mister. You get me out of this mess and I'm your friend for life!"

* * *

Sign on a Las Vegas slot machine:
"In case of atomic attack, crawl under this machine. It's never been hit."

* * *

A good tip to you motorists: if you're driving one of those tiny foreign cars, try emptying the ashtrays, you'll get another two miles to the gallon!

* * *

Latest news from Paree is that Brigitte Bardot has decided to quit movies. They say she'll throw in the towel any day now!

* * *

Now the latest kick in India is *Untouchable Roulette*. You sit beside a snake charmer who has six big cobras—and one of them is deaf!

Flash! Jayne Mansfield came down with a bad chest cold! The physician who treated her is expected to recover in a week!

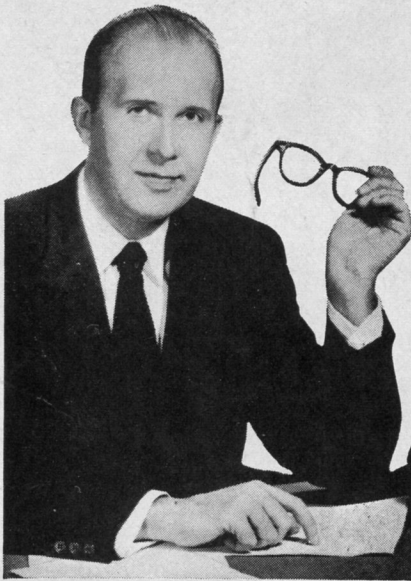
* * *

Our secretary tells us that a Beatnik is a person who expresses his dislike for conformity by dressing, talking, and smelling like his friends.

* * *

An attractive blonde had taken the apartment next door and now Joe kept finding excuses to drop by and borrow things from her. These sojourns took longer and longer and Joe's wife was working up to a real mad. Finally, one night she'd had it. She picked up the phone and dialed the blonde. When the girl answered, the wife's voice was edged with ice. "Tell me," she asked, "just why does it take my husband such a long time to get something over there?" "Well," the blonde answered sweetly, "the only thing I can say is that these interruptions aren't helping matters any!"





"It's easy," says Don Bolander...

"and you don't have to go back to school!"

How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate

Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English*," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes*.

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question *What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence — handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life.

You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What do you mean by a "command of English"?*

Answer A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation — also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question *But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home — in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *Does it really work?*

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question *Who are some of these people?*

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question *How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to anyone who is interested.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

If you would like a free copy of the 32-page booklet, How to Gain a Command of Good English, just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and enjoyably at home. Send the coupon or a post card today. The booklet will be mailed to you promptly.

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. 34702B, 30 East Adams, Chicago 3, Ill.

Please mail me a free copy of your 32-page booklet.

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

"HERBIE, darling, why is it that you never turn off the television set when you come to bed?"

"Mmm."

"Every night, Herbie, the same thing. The late show, the late, late show. And all those commercials. Herbie, do you remember how good our marriage used to be? Sometimes, I think you're loving me more and enjoying it less.

"Will you listen to me, Herbie?"

"Mmm."

"Oh, yellow, shmello, Herbie, don't you ever wonder where the honeymoon went?"

"Mmm."

"I wonder, Herbie, if our relationship contains that all important ingredient. I wonder what ten leading doctors would have to say about it."

"Mmm."

"There's another commercial. Herbie, don't I look good like a woman should? You can't say I don't care enough to look my very best. You can't say that, can you, Herbie?"

"Mmm."

"I mean I don't broadcast bad breath or anything, do I? Oh Herbie, if it's my invisible shield that's bothering you..."

"Mmm."

THE VIDEO SYNDROME

BY LARRY POWELL



"I don't like being sarcastic, darling, but I'd find it faster in the yellow pages."

"Mmm."

"Herbie, listen to me, will you? Be sociable. Don't you even remember what it is that refreshes you best? Even Bert and Harry take time out for..."

"Mmm."

"Herbie, it isn't as if I were asking you to make a thirty-day test or anything!

"Perhaps I should wear a high porosity negligee to let my real flavor through. Herbie, may I turn off the television now?"

"Oh, all right, Herbie, but I wonder if you'd say that to your receptionist. You can always tell a hello girl. I'll bet she clings like cloth.

"Only your secretary knows for sure, huh Herbie?"

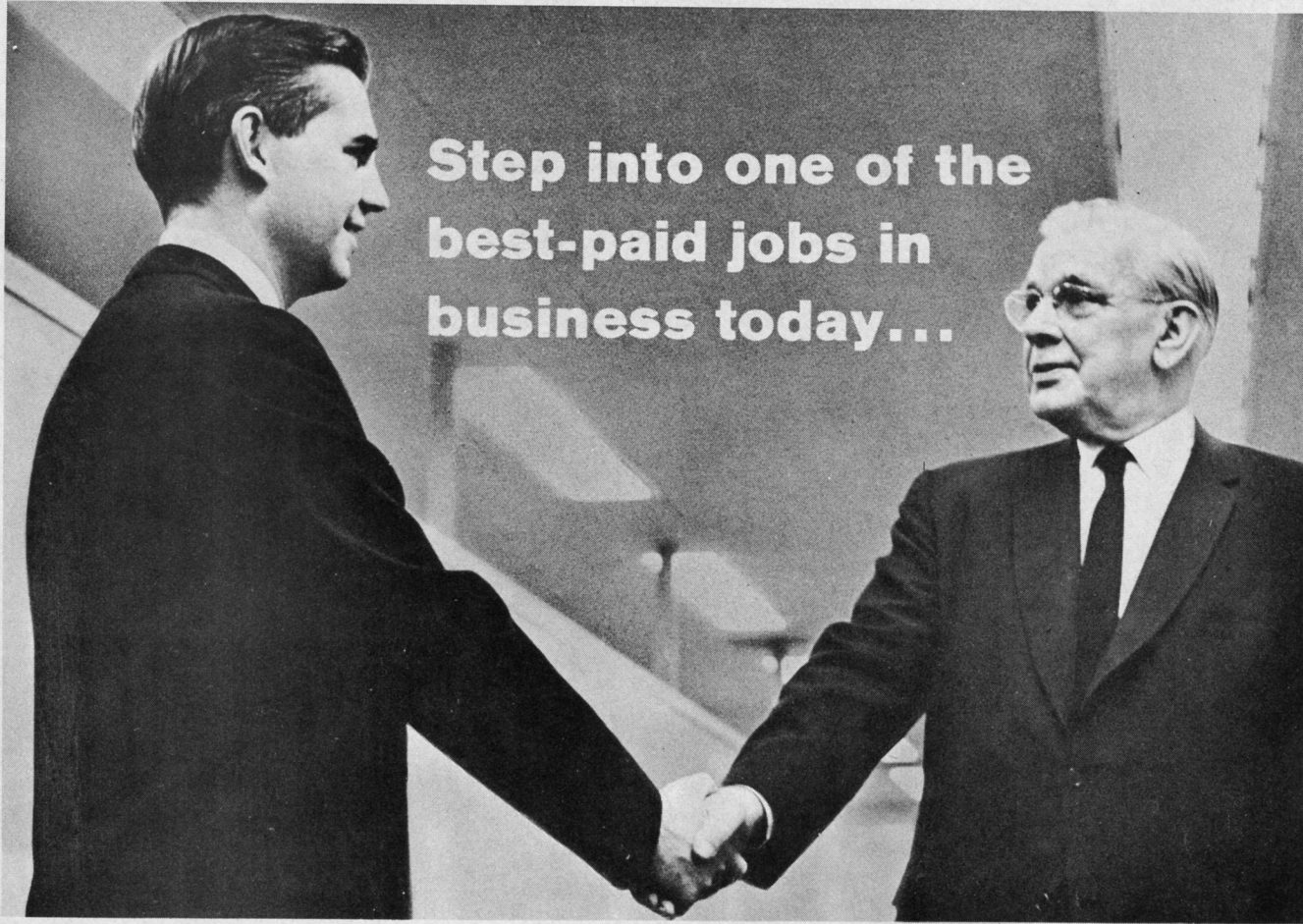
"Mmm."

"I suppose you think all women should be made that better way. But what's up front isn't all that counts. Herbie, can I turn off the television now?"

"I'm sorry, Herbie. I know I'm irritable and out of sorts, but in the mature male and the mature female... Herbie, it's the station break.

"Oh, Herbie, it's like a doctor's prescription!"

###



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101



THE BARE

*can be the kind of truth
seen through rose-colored
glasses, but the glasses
have to be a very special
kind, very special, indeed!*

BY CONNIE SELLERS

IT WAS INDUBITABLY there — rose-tipped and satiny, a startlingly rounded and tempting half-melon that demanded to be fondled. But it was impossible.

Not even Miss Lura Jones would dare expose an admittedly delectable breast right out like that in the sacrosanct atmosphere of Kelso, Inc. Not during working hours, anyway. And not before the hired help.

Mark almost lost the eyeglasses when the second intriguingly developed mammary heaved itself into plain view. Well, not *plain*. The word didn't fit Miss Jones.

Mark slipped the dusty lenses off his nose and came very close to wailing like a lost soul. For now—dammit — Miss Jones was fully clothed. An amazing, but hardly respectable trick. If she had somehow peeled off something else, those scantie things—

Unconsciously, Mark polished the glasses and lifted them again.

Whoops!

Miss Jones sure as the devil had. Peeled, that is. Not a stitch to cover her shapely thighs. That was an interesting little dimple right on her—

Reddening, Mark whipped away the spectacles. Boss's favorite or not,

TRUTH

Miss Jones had to be reproached. Kelso, Inc., was *not* a nudist colony. Then he blinked rapidly, because Miss Jones was *not* nude.

He was going mad. All the lonely, frustrating years had finally pushed him over the brink. Evidently Mark had bloomed into a ravening sex maniac.

"You're blushing," Miss Jones said, looking at him. "And I can't possibly imagine why."

Because rape was rampant in his shattered mind, that was why, Mark thought wildly; because an imminent deflowering loomed in his tortured madness.

Miss Jones got up from her desk. It was a complicated project involving the sibilant whisper of well-filled nylons, the flow and ripple of flesh from here to there.

"I can't imagine," she continued, "because you *never* blush at your own thoughts. At other people's, yes."

Then, in her natural illogical slipping of mental cogs, Miss Jones poked at the eyeglasses. "Are those the kind you see naughty things in?"

Mark gulped. "M-miss Jones—"

She had them on. The oddly exotic slant of antique frames gave her eyes an Oriental allure. Her ripe mouth opened slowly, like dewy petals uncurling.

"Hooboy!" she gasped.

"I-I-I—" Mark stuttered.

"Talk some more," she said. "It makes your tummy wiggle. My, you have a nice tummy; kind of soft, but—"

Desperately, Mark snatched the glasses.

She pouted. "And such a cute appendectomy, too. However did they get the X-Ray or whatever into those glasses?"

So he wasn't a hydrophonic schizophrenic or (Continued on p. 60)



Love on a Shoestring

BY RALPH BLAIR

Presenting a low-budget program for would-be Romeos with sound advice on the most inexpensive ways to feed, house and gladden the heart of that willing woman!



"MY WIFE," announced the portly stock broker gloomily, "doesn't care how many girls I shack up with, but if she ever found out I spent money on them, she'd murder me!"

On the lower financial levels, and among the lower echelon, the story is substantially the same. The five thousand dollar a year clerk who goes to jail because he dipped into the till to decorate some doll with mink and diamonds is as familiar to readers of the tabloids as the suburban triangle. The problem of how to have a girl without, so to speak, paying for her, is something that has absorbed an amazing number of tortured man hour thoughts.

"The cheapest way to keep a doll — literally and figuratively," advises one self-styled expert, "is to tell the girl you love her. BROADS are so dumb that they'll do almost anything for a guy who swears he loves them."

On the whole, this is sage advice, but we feel it only fair to point out the pitfalls:

1. The girl might believe it.
 2. You might even, in time, come to believe it yourself.
 3. This leads to marriage, which has little or nothing to do with love.
- In the interests, therefore, of the self-seeking male who is honest enough to admit he doesn't want to pay for what he gets, we have done a considerable amount of research

on the subject, and have worked out what might be called a "Cheap Schedule for Cheapskates."

Dating: The cheapskate (and these days who can afford not to be one?) starts out with one idea in mind: Before the night is out, he hopes to score with the girl. Many girls, conversely, start out with a different thought: Before the night is out, they hope to divest the male of as much money as possible and give as little as possible in return.

To keep dating cheap, the man

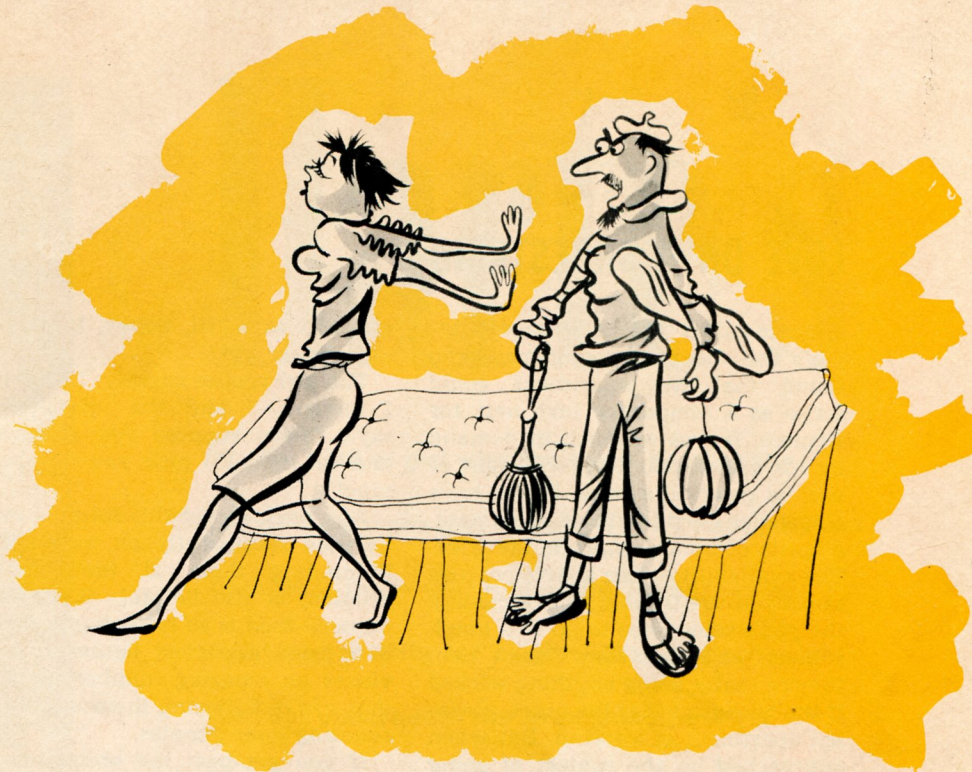
should make it clear from the beginning that he's operating on a budget. If he's married, his best approach is the simple and sincere one. "Darling, I'd like to take you to some terrific place, but you know my wife—that so-and-so knows every penny I spend, and if I can't account for my whole paycheck, I'm in the doghouse. So suppose we pick up some groceries and go to your place?"

If you've been careful of your selection of a girl in the first place, you should be rewarded by having her say, "Don't you bother about that, honey, I'll get us a steak and fix a salad and you just bring a bottle of wine."

The reason this approach might work is because, fortunately, females are quite dense in the romance department, and they seldom figure that the married man on romance bent is merely the predatory male bent on getting something for nothing.

If the girl lives at home, is encumbered by a husband, or bothered by curious roommates with a snide habit of returning to the apartment earlier than expected, the penniless young man on the prowl is immediately faced with another problem. "Where to go and how much will it cost me?" is a question which will occupy his thinking from the moment he asks for the date until the moment she purrs "yes."

Currently, (Cont. on next page)



LOVE ON A SHOESTRING

a movie called *"The Apartment"* depicts the rise of a young man who found that his apartment could serve as a temporary love nest for Romeos. It was so much in demand by his bosses that for each night of use, he received a raise. If you have a bachelor friend with an apartment, a bottle of liquor might do the trick. The availability of an apartment also saves you the trouble of overcoming the girl's reluctance to go to a hotel.

Most girls somehow don't feel they're really doing anything wicked if the background is the quiet, pleasant apartment of a friend. But when approached on the subject of going to a hotel, they're likely to draw themselves up with a show of dignity and outrage and say, "Why, I've never gone to a hotel with a man in my life!"

We might as well warn you right here that it will do no good for you to smile, or smirk, or remind her that just last week Joe Blow, down in Accounting, said he'd had the greatest evening of his life with her at a local hostelry. The thing to do is to say gravely (gravity, sincerity and gentleness are worth their weight in gold on these occasions), "Darling, I know you're not that kind of a girl, and I feel like a heel even to suggest such a thing to you. But I just want to be alone with you somewhere—somewhere where we can talk, be together—" If you're convincing enough, eventually she'll agree—providing she's at all willing in the first place.

The idea of a hired room having been agreed upon, the cheapest solution to the, "Where to go?" problem is a motel. This, however, indicates the possession of a car. Without a car, a night's lodging in a small, impersonal, big-city hotel can usually be had inexpensively. Also, it will save money to suggest to the girl, "I don't want to risk having anyone see us together, so why don't you eat first?"

In Hollywood, for instance, where most young actors are usually between engagements, the standard operating procedure is to call the

girl and say, "Hi, honey, have you had dinner yet?"

The girl replies eagerly, "Why, no, I haven't—" and the young man says, "Then suppose you go ahead and eat, and I'll pick you up about nine!"

Any variation of this formula may be used successfully on most girls. Reminding them of their figure problem is also helpful. "Let's skip dinner—food is so fattening and you have such a perfect figure—" convinces an amazing number of girls that you're flattering them instead of counting your pennies.

If you get past the obligation of buying the girl a meal, your cost for the evening shouldn't be more than seven or eight dollars. The final bit of advice is that, when putting the girl into a taxi, it often helps to say, "You're not the kind of girl to whom I'd give taxi money—unless, of course you want me to?" What girl, with the feel of her lover's kiss still warm on her mouth and the distant, dreamy strains of "The Wedding March" beginning to echo in her heart, would allow the man to think she was the kind of forthright, sensible girl who'd say, "You're damned right I'll take taxi money, you cheap jerk!"

This leads us to the second stage of the love affair. Now that the two of you have settled down to a nice, inexpensive mode of love, the man—unless he's a complete heel—begins to feel that he should bring the girl some small token of his affection. Here again, the sentimentality of most women involved in a love affair is a boon to the man.

"It's not a gift, honey, it's just a remembrance—" is one sure-fire way to solve the gift-giving problem. By implying in advance that the gift is just a cheap trinket, you prod her into being overly grateful.

High on the list of gifts-that-don't-cost much are things brought back from vacations—"It's not much, but I just wanted you to know I was thinking of you—"; family jewelry, "It's not much but—" with a catch in your voice—"it was my moth-

er's—" and, finally, cheap imitation jewelry reminiscent of the engagement ring she thinks you'll someday give her. A zircon glows like a cat's eye and cost about ten dollars. "Someday, honey, I'll be able to give you a real diamond—" will bring tears to her eyes and hope to her heart. Years later, when she comes upon the rusting remembrance in her stocking box, she'll think of you with bitterness and hatred, but by that time, it won't matter, since some other poor sucker will have married her.

Fortunately for the wayward male, breach of promise suits have been outlawed so that gifts can no longer be presented in court as evidence of serious intentions and a trusting heart broken. We wish to caution, however, that the Mann act still operates and it not advisable to cross state lines in search of love or love-making. Also, any and all involvements with girls under the legal age of consent will bring the man to heel in suits charging statutory rape. So, before embarking on the final stages of a love affair, and reckoning the cost involved, these two unpleasant little laws should be borne in mind.

The final stage of the love affair is, of course, the permanent arrangement. "I want you to be my girl," usually, though not necessarily, rings the death knell for the inexpensive but pleasant love affair. With exclusivity goes an increase in the price of every commodity, and love is no exception.

The first thing the girl expects of such an exclusive arrangement is that the man will pay her rent. The best out for the, "I want it, but I don't want to pay for it" male is to look shocked. He may stare at the girl unbelievably, and then say, slowly, "Well, all right, if you're sure that's what you want—only, you know what that makes you, don't you?"

This final phase is easier, we might warn, if the man has been careful to build up the, "I want to be sure you love me

(Cont. on p. 62)



Harte's

... the kind of girl who fools you. Seen on the job as a cigarette girl at Hollywood's Pink Pussycat Club, Miss Harte (her first name, Diane) seems fashioned strictly for bright lights and gay night life. But underneath the siren shape, she's a homebody who's just realized her heart's ...



Desire...

which was to have her very own apartment, all to herself, with no roommates. She saved her tips until she could afford to both rent and furnish one and finally she had her heart's desire. We got ours when she chose our lucky staff photographer to shoot it—and her!





FICTION

BY MYRON LENCH

a friend indeed



Two ad executives hatch a wild plan to escape civilization and become foot-loose and fancy free until one of them makes a shocking discovery!

NEVER BEFORE in his life had Charlie felt that he had it so made. He had nothing, but everything. He was living the life a man had to live. He was free and he was out under those swinging stars and he was with a bunch of other bums on a Texas roadside near the Mexican border and he was almost broke. The guys that he was traveling with were like brothers. There was "Wingy" Hudson, Jake Ballantine, and "Winehead" Martin. Great guys and they loved Charlie's story, but they didn't believe it.

He must have told them twenty times about what it was like before he found **THE LIFE** and why he left the old life for the new. They knew it could never be true, but then Charlie swore to it and he al-

ways told it the same way, so maybe . . . Tonight they had to hear it again, so that they could press him for more details.

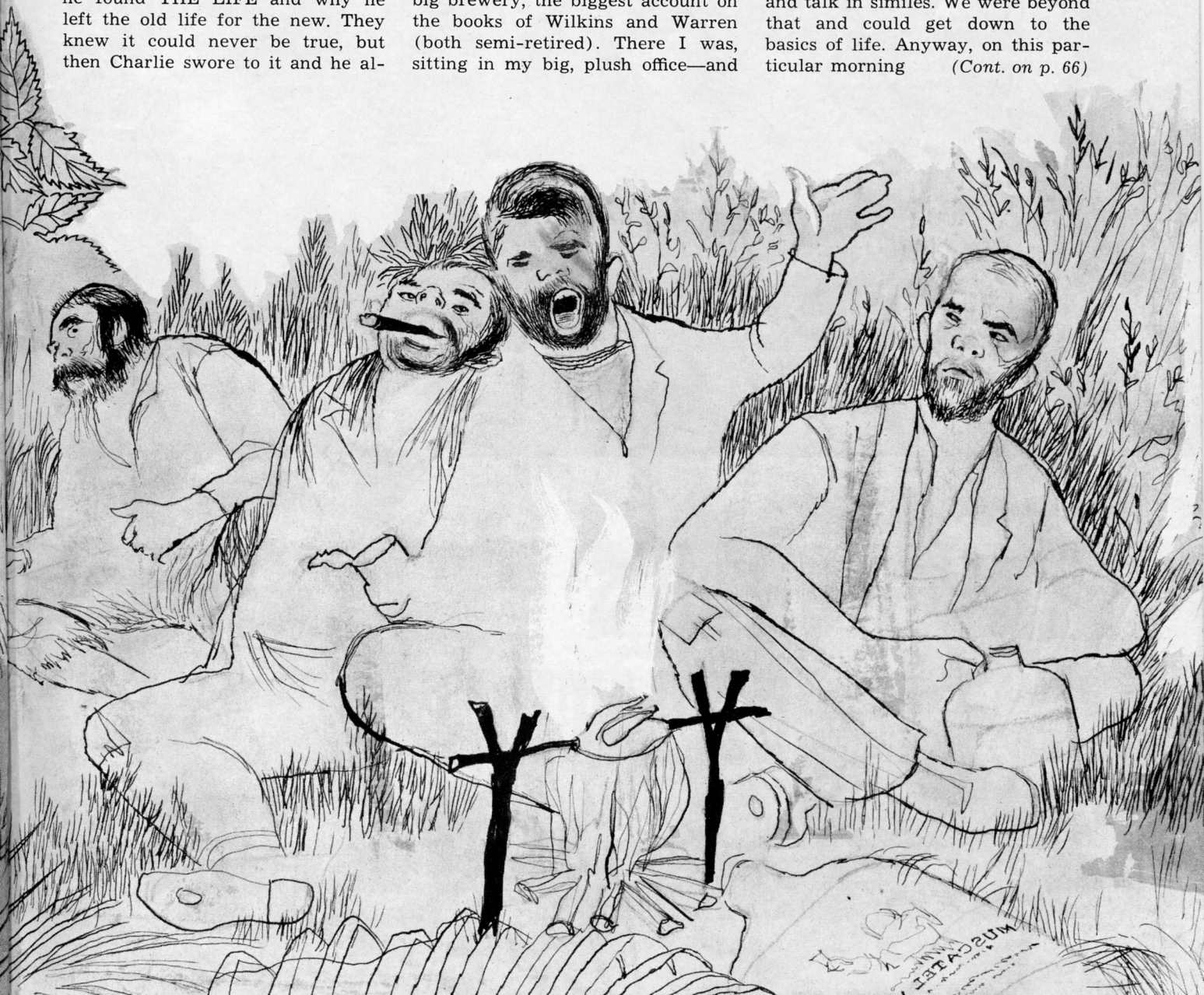
"Right from the beginning," Jake urged him. "Right from Madison Avenue and the big house in Connecticut and the cute little wife with the two kiddies." The other two sat and grinned and "Winehead" opened the bottle of red wine he'd been saving all day.

"Okay," Charlie finally consented, "but this is the last time for this week. It all started one morning at this ad agency I was working for. I was the account exec for a real big brewery, the biggest account on the books of Wilkins and Warren (both semi-retired). There I was, sitting in my big, plush office—and

it was big *and* plush—when in pops Ed Castle, a man for whom I had some respect because he had been further along the agency road than I was at his age five years before and because he's still a bachelor.

"Eddie and I had to work pretty close, because he wrote the copy for my account (which he was damn good at) and besides we dug talking to each other. Eddie was one of these crazy-eyed, good looking, big guys that not only women take to, but men and children too.

"We felt we were in a class apart from the rest of the guys in the office, who always had to be clever and talk in similes. We were beyond that and could get down to the basics of life. Anyway, on this particular morning (Cont. on p. 66)





Ferdinand Demara is most famous impostor. Circus clown Otto Witte (r.) masqueraded as a royal prince.

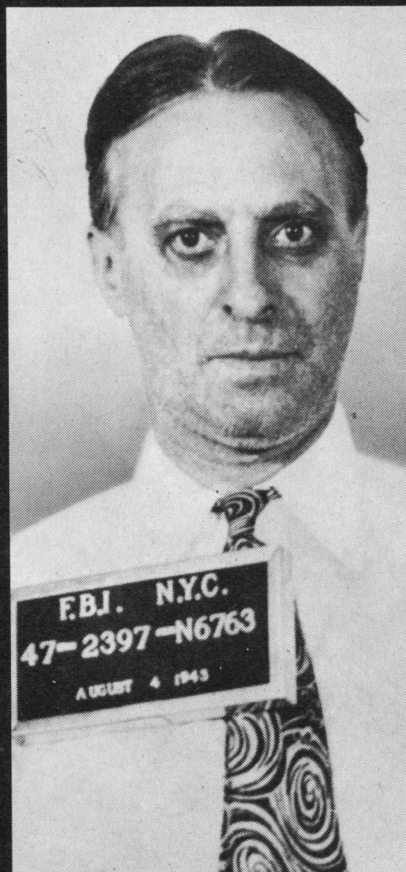
When a man isn't happy with himself, he frequently becomes somebody else and sets the old world on its ear!

BY CHARLES V. NEMO



THE WORLD'S GREATEST IMPOSTORS

Sterling Clifford Weyman is shown in his guise as a U.S. naval officer with Princess Fatima and (r.) as he appears in picture files of the FBI.



AT ONE TIME or another almost every slave of mediocrity—and that, according to experts, comprises about 90 percent of the male population—longs for escape from the chain gang of an existence dominated by bullying bosses, nagging wives, squawling brats and abusive bill collectors. He yearns for excitement and thrilling adventure in which he plays the role of a hero and leader of men. He longs for a chance to bask in the limelight and rub elbows with the rich, the famous, the big-shots of the world.

Some seek escape in alcohol, narcotics or religion. Many settle for the vicarious thrills dished up in the movies, television, popular magazines or baseball. Others take refuge in a make-believe world of daydreams and extravagant fantasy.

A few, the most venturesome of all, actually attempt to transform their fantasies into reality. Fabricating

fictitious identities, they embark on a grandiose career of deception that makes a mockery of time-honored institutions, shocks sober law-abiding citizens and outrages the authorities. These impious rogues usually wind up in the clink, the nut-house or the morgue.

We call them "impostors." Sometimes they do it for kicks, sometimes for profit. Whatever their motives, their uninhibited pranks and hair-brained exploits enliven the pages of history and add to the gaiety of nations.

Last August the most spectacular of modern impostors made a somewhat anticlimactic exit from the world. For more than 40 years Stanley Clifford Weyman—born Weinberg in a squalid Brooklyn tenement—made newspaper headlines by irreverently thumbing his nose at society in a variety of poses. Stanley, it seems, had a pathologic passion for uniforms. (Cont. on p. 72)

Why Girl-Watchers Watch

The pleasures of this activity are obvious, but only recently has its normality, and its benefits in giving the male a sound basis of comparison been recognized.



Far more damage is caused by feelings of guilt over girl-watching, than over the watching itself, concluded the doctors. So, don't feel guilty; simply be a normal "watcher" of the charms of (l. to r.) Jane Small, Evie Smith and Betty Fielding.



Observed the head docs: Most girls don't mind being watched; on the contrary, although they may evince displeasure because of our mores, they secretly appreciate the compliment. L. to R.: Zsa Zsa Barnacky, Marian Hines, Winnie Weston.

IT'S NOT ONLY natural to watch girls and focus on the curvier portions of their anatomies, its healthy! This was the conclusion arrived at by American psychiatrists at a recent meeting of one of their national organizations. Other conclusions concerning girl-watching which the eminent doctors arrived at were: girl-watching is *not* related to voyeurism; it is an important and beneficial outlet for the romantic frustrations and aspirations of men in our society; it is an aid to the selection of a marriage partner; it plays an important part in forming a man's taste in women. Of course, the

delights of girl-watching have been known to many men for a long time; a few months back these delights were "officially" recognized by the formation of the American Society of Girl-Watchers, whose skyrocketing membership testifies to the universal appeal of girl-watching. But it's nice to have the stamp of approval of the psychiatric boys. It removes any feelings of doubt from the sport. It makes it possible to view the beauties shown here with the knowledge that watching girls is normal. Take it from the head shrinkers—there's no need to be a shrinking violet about this sport. (Cont.)



Even a siren with the irresistible charms of Nancy Lohr can't resist being admired.



It was pointed out that women, traditionally, take more pride in their figures than men do, and that being watched is healthy nourishment for this pride. Both Claire Fitzpatrick (l.) and Barbara Wayne have figures that give reason to be proud.



The psychiatrists couch it in their own terms, but the best reason for girl-watching is that it's fun. And what better way to demonstrate just how much fun it can be than with the photos of the watchable girls shown here? They are: Elkit Benit (l.), Nadia Lias (r.), Laurie Kaye (below), and Nancy Sharpe.





Knights and Nighties

In the Age of Cuckoldry, the boldest Knights fought their most memorable battles in the boudoir!

IN DAYS OF OLD, as the rhyme states, knights were bold. They were bold on the field of battle when they were all dressed up in their metal suits and hoisted onto their sway-back mounts. They were bold in the field of romance where the opponent was of a far softer variety. They were especially bold and gay if the woman in question happened to be another man's wife.

The ancient game of "cuckoldry," or making out with somebody else's mate, reached its highest peak back in the days of chivalry. Love in those days had nothing to do with marriage. If that popular song were written then, it would go: "You can't have one *with* the other." All the great romances involved some sort of extra-curricular activity.

Not that cuckoldry was not without its dangers. Some husbands took a disgustingly narrow view of such goings on. A few even punctured their wife's lover with a handy spear or chopped him with a battle-axe. One husband not only slaughtered his wife's boyfriend, but cut out his heart and served it to the lady for dinner! The wife promptly committed suicide.

But this sort of unsportsmanlike action was comparatively rare and was frowned upon in polite society. The husband with those weird culinary ideas, for example, was put to death by personal order of the King of Aragon. The king also ordered the two lovers to be buried in the same tomb and set up a festival in their honor. While this did not do that particular pair any good, it did serve notice on husbands not to go too far in their war on wife thieves.

The safest way for a nobleman to enjoy another man's wife was to exercise his "right of prehension." This was similar to modern kids' ritual of first "dibs." Only, instead of having dibs on marbles or toys, they had them on the brides of the lower orders.

Chivalry, courtesy and the like only referred to the behavior of lords and ladies with other lords and ladies. The serfs and peasants were in an entirely different category. A lucky nobleman had the right to spend the first night with the bride of one of his serfs.

If a serf was not happy about bringing his new bride up to the local castle for a trial run, he did not show it. The knight would bring her back the next morning little worse for wear. And if she was just a little bit pregnant, the knight could probably be talked into giving a little something to help the kid get started.

But while the average seigneur continued to exercise his right with peasantry, this did (Continued on p. 68)



BY JAY MARTIN





FICTION

Oliver's Trysts

BY AL SPROUL and JIM LEHNER

His plots were strictly off-Broadway and his actresses left nothing to be desired!

NOW AND THEN, whenever Suzi and I make a few half-hearted passes at each other, I find myself wishing someone like Oliver Tolliver were around to write our love scenes. Even theater mashers have been known to stop what they were doing and give their full attention to the screen when one of Oliver's steamheated interludes was flashed on it.

Seduction on a ski-lift . . . lust on a rubbing table . . . passion on a trampoline . . . these were only a few of Oliver's vital contributions to the cinema. He's probably never forgiven Ernest Hemingway for being the first to come up with that hanky-panky in a sleeping bag.

Only a handful of budding Bankheads and I ever appreciated Oliver's true genius in bringing to life the love scenes he'd first committed to paper. I first met him four years ago when I was working on the writing staff of a TV comedy show—remember them? Oliver wrote the commercials for a line of beauty aids that consisted of everything from eyebrow lacquer to economy-size lipstick for Ubangis. The copy modestly proclaimed that if these beauty preparations didn't help you, your only salvation was plastic surgery—or reincarnation.

Even in those days the pop-eyed, under-sized, over-stimulated Oliver blazed with an inner fire, but un-

fortunately his sly contour-caressing and knee-kneading only got his face slapped by the cue card girl, and a few teeth loosened by the director's secretary.

One day, shortly after Oliver had followed one of the mail room girls, an inhibited Amazon, into the office supply closet, the scream that resulted caused half the staff to rush for air-raid shelters. I guess I forgot to mention that Oliver has a high-pitched voice.

He also had the raw materials, but they were still awfully raw. Who'd have figured then that eventually the Hormone Kid—as our director dubbed him—would wind up with a technique that would have made Casanova bite his nails clear up to the elbows.

Eventually our TV program folded after 26 weeks when our comedienne decided to stop laying eggs on the show, go home and have a baby instead. It was just as well. As the joke goes, we owed Neilsen five points.

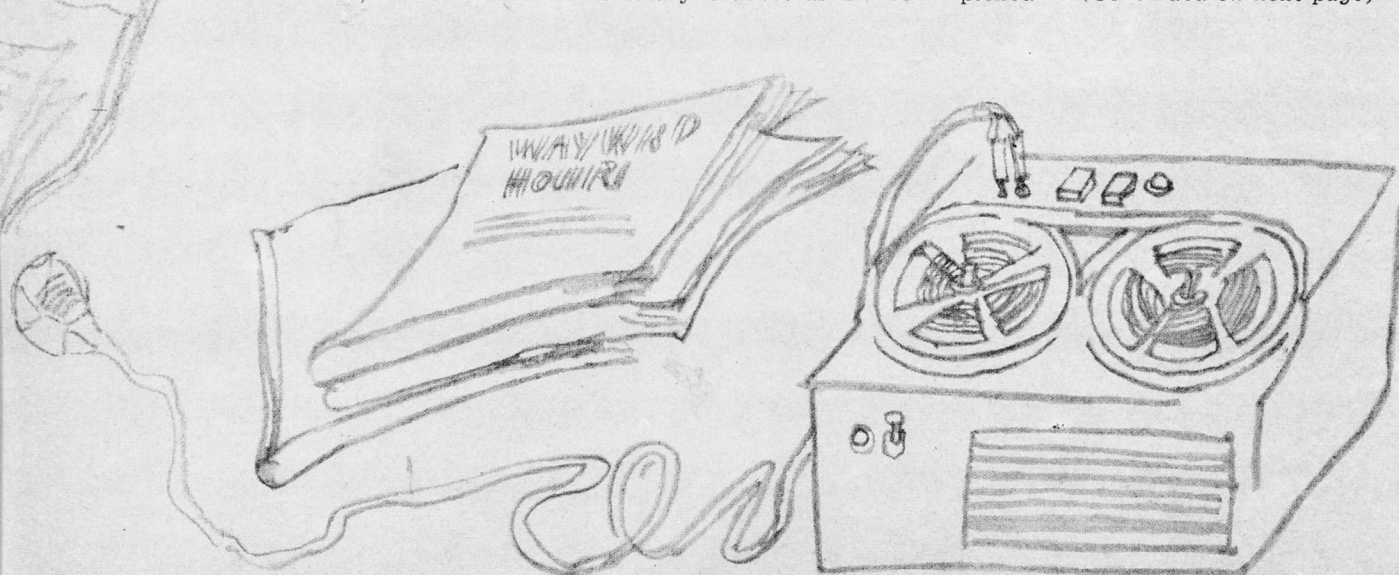
Anyway, with the other TV comedy shows booked up as solidly as a sightseeing tour of Brigitte Bardot's dressing room, I went back to grinding out comedy routines for struggling young comics and straight vocalists who figured that by adding a couple of special numbers to their act they could boost themselves into the same salary bracket as TV re-

pairmen or crooked disk jockeys.

Meanwhile, Oliver continued to grind out copy for the same ad agency, but now something new had been added to his social life. Every now and then I'd run into him in some out-of-the-way spot with a different young chick who was clinging to his arm and looking down at him as though she were the president of his fan club. Young as they all were, these dolls were beautiful and built. It may have been baby fat but don't knock it! Unfortunately, Oliver always managed to disappear with his current girl friend before I could approach him. The whole thing was a mystery that Poe would have given his eye teeth to write. In short, what was the secret of Oliver's sudden success with women?

Believe it or not, another couple of years ensued before all was revealed to me. It was during the second week of his summer vacation that I ran into Oliver—alone for a change—in a Long Island bistro. I was there in response to an S.O.S. from a comic who had taken the date for short dough in order to break in some new material I had written for him. Now this comedian was panicking because the punctuation wasn't getting yocks.

A combination of charm, flattery, perseverance—and the fact that I picked (Continued on next page)



OLIVER'S TRYSTS continued

up Oliver's sizable bar tab—secured me an invitation to his Greenwich Village apartment at 4:30 the next day.

Upon arriving at his paddock promptly at post time I was amazed to discover he had fixed it up to resemble the office of a well-heeled producer. What probably had once been the living room was now converted into a large anteroom with leather divans.

On the walls were autographed pictures of various stage stars, which Oliver had no doubt picked up in back number shops that stock such glossy reprints. Scribbled on each picture were fervent thanks for the great parts he had written for them. A close inspection revealed only two styles of handwriting, but at least it proved that Oliver was ambidextrous.

At the rear of the outer office a girl with a beehive hairdo and horn-rimmed glasses was typing painfully away. I later found out, that to further provide a business-like facade, Oliver would hire a girl during his two-week vacation every year. Girls like these were available in large quantities from outfits that specialize in finding temporary and part-time jobs for starving actors and actresses.

Seated on the divans were two worried-looking dolls who were the type you'd probably see at a casting call for "Joan of Arc." From the way they tightened their lips and edged away from each other, it was plain they were competing for the same role. The whole thing was very mystifying.

Suddenly the door behind the tired typist burst open and Oliver came barging out, looking redder than an embezzler in a blood bank. Except for looking slightly dishevelled, the girl with him was a duplicate in general appearance of the other two.

In his office—a converted bedroom—with the door closed behind us and the kindergarten Kim Stanleys still waiting, I eyed the rumpled studio couch in the connecting room,

an unconverted bedroom obviously doubling as Oliver's rehearsal studio.

"Correct me if I'm wrong," I said, as Oliver smugly wiped a smudge of lipstick from the corner of his mouth, "but isn't the cocktail hour the time for *drinking!*?"

It was plain from Oliver's air of suppressed excitement that he had been keeping his wonderful secret bottled up for so long, he was now ready to throw all caution to the winds.

"A little respect, please," he piped, "for a man who has come up with the greatest gimmick since duplicate keys for chastity belts! It takes preparation, but—boy, does it pay off!"

He indicated a few bound plays on a shelf, each one bearing his name as author. Then, next to the tape recorder on his desk—which I subsequently discovered he used to tape his applicants' preliminary sight readings—he picked up another bound play which bore the title:

"THE WAYWARD HOUR"

by

Oliver Tolliver

"Nice title," I admitted as I idly riffled through the pages of the script. "It must be fun just getting these pseudo starlets to pronounce that last word. But you're not gonna tell me you've been writing plays just to be your own matinee idol. If Shakespeare had done that he wouldn't have lived to be forty—or did he?"

Oliver tried to smile inscrutably, but on him it came out like a smirk. "If Shakespeare had rehearsed his 'leading ladies' as often as me," he bragged, "he wouldn't even have had time to trim his beard."

I settled back in the chair behind his desk and lit a cigarette. "Okay," I said, "who are you trimming? Just remember one thing: you're talking to a man who spent his boyhood playing 'Trick or Treat' in every sporting house in New Orleans." My motto is, if you're gonna lie, think big!

Oliver waited only long enough to fling himself into an armchair, shuck, bite and light a cigar that was bigger than him—then he was off to the races. Frankly, it wasn't the kind of a tale that would gain him an appearance on 'This Is Your Life.'

Briefly, Oliver's story was this: the line he handed his lovely victims—who were culled from a different batch of eager, aspiring young actresses every year—was that he had written a new play for an off-Broadway production. It was to be backed—so Oliver told them—by a mythical producer friend of his who had already raised most of the money. This friend was letting Oliver handle the casting, subject to the friend's final approval. (Oliver knew his system was foolproof, inasmuch as checking up on off-Broadway prospects is virtually impossible.)

Because he never dealt with the regular casting agencies, and especially since he emphasized that he was only looking for fresh young talent, it was no problem to weed out the applicants until he was left with two or three lovely, naive, unattached and fairly solvent prospects. For the next two or three months he dated them, rehearsed them, and took five hundred dollars from them in return for guaranteeing them the lead.

When they began to get suspicious, or their bedside manners started to bore him, he simply kissed them off by telling each one that his no-goodnik producer friend had skipped town with the backers' dough, including hers, and there was no chance of raising any more. Sorry, but that's the way the missile crumbles.

"What a shame," I muttered, "and by that time I'll bet they were letter perfect in the love scenes, thanks to your diligent and constant rehearsing."

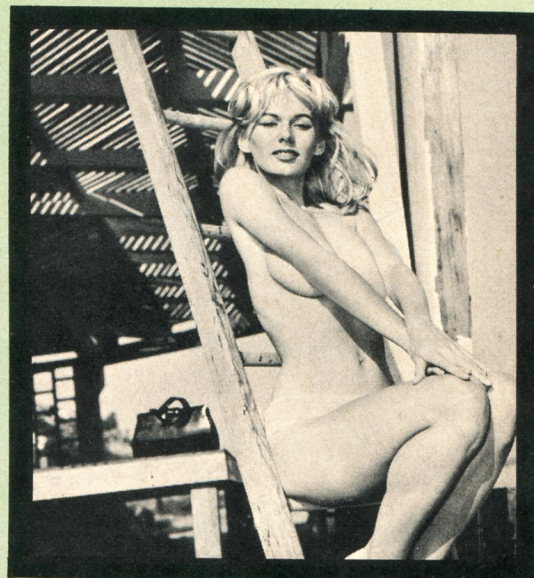
"Now you're with it, Dad," Oliver said, then heaved himself out of the chair. "Which reminds me: it's time for my

(Cont. on p. 62)

UP

THE

LADDER



Her name is Patty McMains and she's come to Hollywood to try to carve out a career for herself. She knows she's got beauty, she hopes she's got talent,

and she prays she'll get the breaks. She learns what the score is quickly. The movie studios can't be bothered with the throng of girls like her who try to crash their gates. The local nite spots only hire girls with experience. But if a

(Cont.)



girl has a nice figure, she can get
work with one of the modeling agencies.

If it turns out she's photogenic,
she can make enough to pay the rent and
have enough left over for dramatic
lessons. The photogs approve of Patty.



Soon she's working hard and studying hard—and still hoping and praying hard. One day

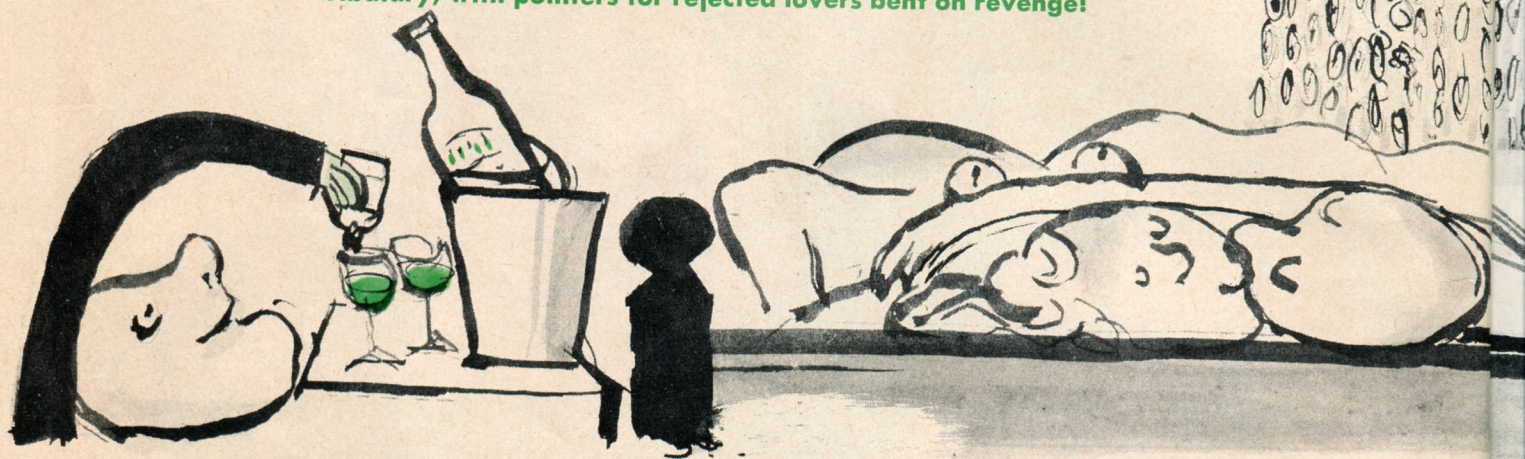


she's posing for outdoor shots
on a ladder for photographer
Ron Vogel when this fellow comes
along and hands Ron a card.
He's a talent agent for one of
the studios and he wants Patty
to make a screen test. She does
and the test is a success.
She's on her way up that ladder!



A GUIDE FOR BOUDOIR PRANKSTERS

Presenting a guide for practical jokers having a sense of
ribaldry, with pointers for rejected lovers bent on revenge!



BY STEVE DICKSON

THE BRIDEGROOM sat nervously on the edge of the bed, eagerly awaiting his bride. The door to the bathroom opened and she appeared—a heavenly vision in filmy black lace. He held out his arms and she came to him willingly. He pressed his lips to hers, his hands dropped and—

The telephone rang.

"Yes?" snarled the new husband into the mouthpiece.

"I'd like to speak to Joan," said a feminine voice.

"But—" protested the bridegroom.

"Please!" The voice was insistent.

The groom handed his bride the phone. He watched as she listened intently. Finally she hung up the receiver, her face grim as she turned to him. "That," she said, "was one of your old girl friends. She gave me explicit instructions on how to keep

you happy on your wedding night. And let me add from my limited experience that she seemed to know what she was talking about!"

"But—"

"Don't talk to me, you beast!" And the bride fled to the bathroom, leaving her groom behind to reflect on that arch-enemy of all newly wedded couples, the boudoir prankster.

The boudoir prankster is the 20th Century descendant of the fellow who tied old shoes and "JUST MARRIED" signs to the buggy backboard of the newly-weds of yesteryear. He—or she—is the inheritor of the tradition which says the height of humor is to bedevil brides and bridegrooms on their wedding nights. The boudoir prankster is a practical joker with a liking for lewdity.

He's the fellow who saws the slats of the marriage bed in half so that it will collapse at the first sign of connubial activity. He's also the fellow who Frenches the sheets—a

hangover from his childhood days—in the hopes of tying the couple in knots. And, he's the fellow who has been known to bore peepholes through the wall of a honeymoon bedroom, plant live ants in the bride's trousseau and send out invitations to a party at the suite the newly wed couple are occupying, said invitations to coincide with the time he supposes their passion will have reached its height.

Such party invitations, incidentally, are only one variation of the idea of annoying the newly married by utilizing other—usually unsuspecting—people. Other variations include the delivery of liquor, food and other goods to the honeymooners, the answering of service calls supposedly emanating from their cottage by TV and auto repairmen, the delivery of telegrams every half-hour through the night and even the summoning of firemen and police in answer to an emer-



gency call—again supposedly made by the honeymooners. There are endless variations of pranks of this sort — pranks which preserve the anonymity of the prankster while causing innocent people to bother the newlyweds.

But newlyweds aren't the only target of the boudoir prankster's shenanigans. With the increase in sexual activity outside marriage among the general population has come a wider scope for his trickery. Today his activities extend to both the pre-marital and extra-marital bedroom. Since such relationships must of necessity be clandestine, his somewhat fiendish talents find a wide latitude in making them the butt of his jokes.

For instance, one college senior concealed a tape recorder in the trysting place used by his roommate and a shapely coed. The next morning the entire fraternity was treated to a playback of the love

scene. It was the silences, rather than the billing and cooing, which really broke up the frat boys.

Sorority girls can be even more fiendish. At one sorority house, a particular girl was noted for her promiscuity. Every night a different male student would crawl through her ground-floor window to depart with the dawn. Her sorority sisters taught her a lesson by rigging an assortment of bells and old auto horns to the springs of her bed. The next time she shared the sheets, the Rube Goldberg contraption went off like a combination foghorn and fire-alarm siren. It woke the whole college—and succeeded in curing the oversexed coed's ardor.

Collegians aren't the only ones who commit boudoir pranks. Mature people may commit them too—and for a variety of reasons. Among these, the two most common are jealousy and revenge. Take the case of the married man who'd been hav-

ing an affair with a friend's wife.

There came a day when the wife gave him his walking papers; she was, she told him, in love with somebody else. He begged, pleaded and cajoled and finally she agreed to see him one last time. This farewell to amour took place in the same motel they'd been frequenting for the past year or so.

His most fervent lovemaking couldn't sway the lady from her decision. She was in love with another man; this was goodbye. After awhile, as he'd known it would, nature called to the lady. She excused herself and went into the bathroom.

He quickly leaped out of bed and threw on his clothes. Then he gathered her clothing up—every last flimsy garment—and fled the room. Once outside, he ditched the duds, telephoned the lady's husband and told him in a muffled voice where to find his clothes— *Cont. on next page*

A GUIDE FOR BOUDOIR PRANKSTERS

less spouse. Then he hung up and ran.

A dirty trick? Sure, but jealousy and revenge can lead to outlandish tricks. And if this is so, sheer indifference can lead to even dirtier ones. Take the case of the Queen of Spain and the Duke of Buckingham:

The Duke had created quite a stir by traveling incognito to Paris and seducing the Queen of France. His ego inflated by this accomplishment, he continued his journey to Spain, intending to add the lady who ruled that country to his list of conquests. The lady, however, was far from willing.

She found the Duke a bore. About the strongest emotion his importunings of love aroused was indifference. Finally she grew weary of his persistence and decided to teach him a lesson.

She agreed to meet him at a remote tavern in the country. She stressed the necessity of the meeting being clandestine, of exercising the utmost secrecy and caution, for after all, she was the Queen.

On the agreed upon night, the Duke proceeded to the trysting place. As had been arranged, he went straight upstairs to the room. He opened the door on complete darkness.

"Don't strike a light," cautioned a voice from the bed. "Come to me now, my lover. Don't let us wait."

The Duke did as he was bid. After an hour or so of frantic lovemaking, there was a knock at the door. The lady's coach was waiting. Then, as he escorted her to the candlelit hallway, the Duke got the shock of his amorous life. The woman he'd been making love to was not the Queen of Spain! Far from it! As a matter of fact, she was the most repulsive old crone the Duke had ever set eyes on. It wasn't until some time later that the Duke discovered she was also venereal. The Spanish, he might have known, spice up their boudoir pranks with a dash of irony.

Irony, however, is limited to neither the Spanish, nor the past. It may be found in many boudoir pranks today and particularly in one notable one that backfired. This one involved two young Madison Avenue admen, both bachelors, who roomed together. One of them, an accomplished roue, had made a practice of using various ruses to steal the other's girl. No sooner would the tyro lovmaker latch on to a likely subject for seduction than his experienced roomie would elbow in with a pitch to capture the girl's attention. Nor was he above using boudoir trickery to switch a girl's affections.

One night the amateur lover had lured a chorine to his room and was plying her with liquor when the expert entered. All three being sophisticated people, the Casanova announced that he had just stopped by to change his suit and then he would be going and the couple would have the apartment to themselves. Before he left, however, he insisted on making drinks for the three of them.

He went into the kitchen and mixed three Martinis. To one of the glasses he added a substantial dose of a powerful laxative. But his buddy, knowing his ways, had peeked in on him while he was mixing the cocktails and spotted the Mickey. When the Romeo turned to the refrigerator for olives, his roomie reached in and surreptitiously switched the position of the drinks.

The would-be cuckold came into the livingroom, handed a drink to each of them and unknowingly took the one originally intended for his friend himself. He downed it. For about 15 minutes nothing happened. Then, suddenly, right in the middle of a sentence, his face turned green and he made a mad dash for the bathroom. He stayed there all night, which left his buddy free to continue his amorous dalliance without interference.

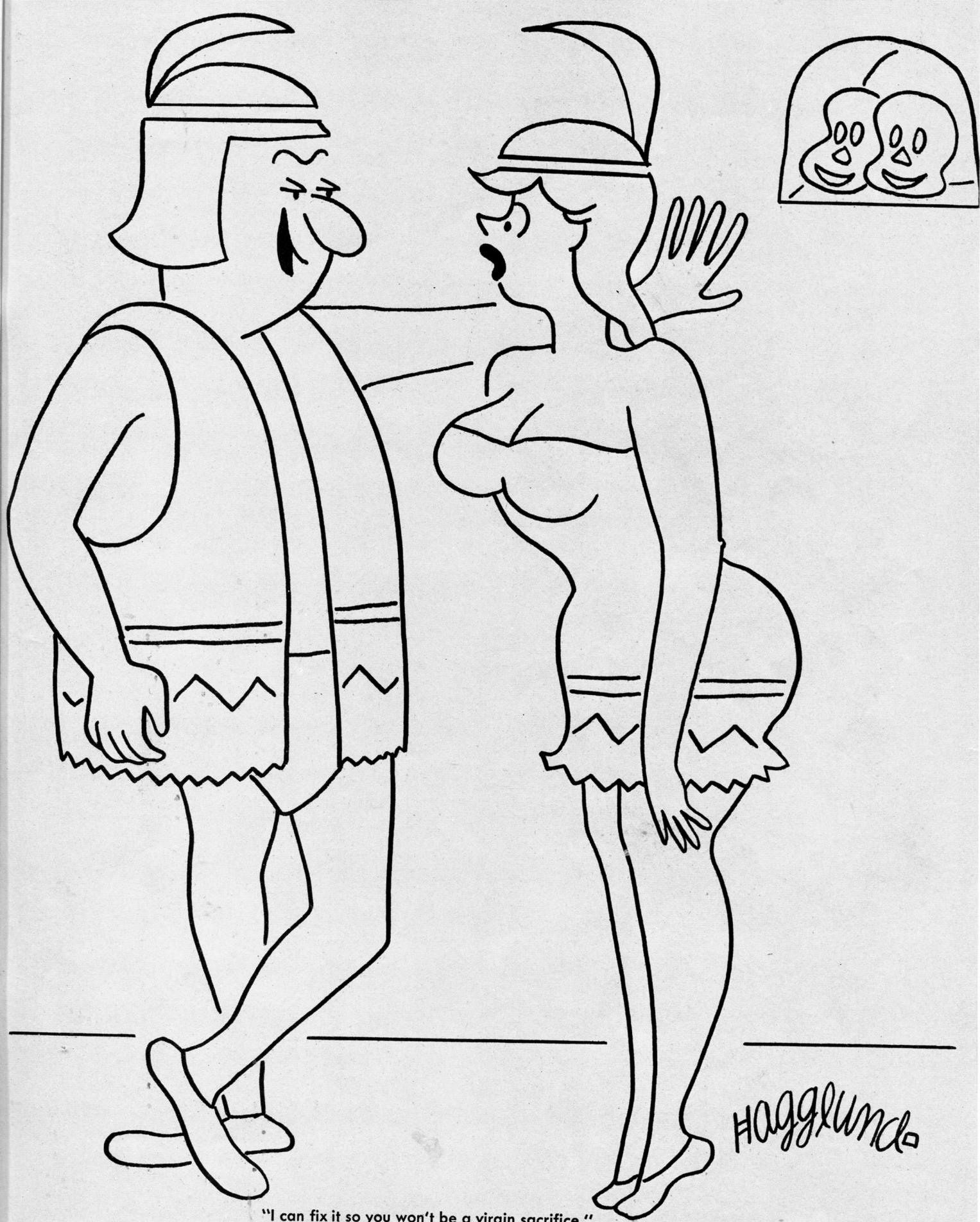
It is not always a third party who perpetrates boudoir trickery. As in the case of the fellow who left his mistress clothesless in the motel, it may be one of the parties to the lovemaking who plays at such pranks. In the case of married couples, it may even be the husband or wife who pulls the gag.

Married life being what it is, the motives behind playing a joke on one's mate are many and varied. In one wife's case, the motive was sheer fatigue. She had four kids and a big house to take care of and on top of that a husband whose appetite for sex seemed to know no limits. This lady just couldn't find time to sleep.

Finally she took steps. Her husband was in the habit of having a midnight snack before retiring. She ground up some pheno barbitol tablets and each night she mixed them in with whatever she made him to eat at bedtime. This worked fine for awhile. He went out like a light and slept like a top—and this enabled her to do the same.

The husband began worrying about whether he was getting old or something, but his anxieties were relieved one night when he discovered the trickery. He didn't tell his wife he knew, though; he just stopped eating before hitting the sack and then took measures to turn the tables on her. He started lacing her after-dinner coffee with dexadrine—a stimulant—and pretty soon his sex life was even more active than it had been before. As a matter of fact, pretty soon he was the one who found himself in need of sleep!

That's the way it goes with bedroom tricksters. They have to be prepared to face up to the consequences of their gags and this sometimes means the prankster becomes the victim. But they look at it philosophically. Where boudoir prankery is concerned, they muse, it isn't whether you win or lose that counts—it's how you play the game! ●



"I can fix it so you won't be a virgin sacrifice."

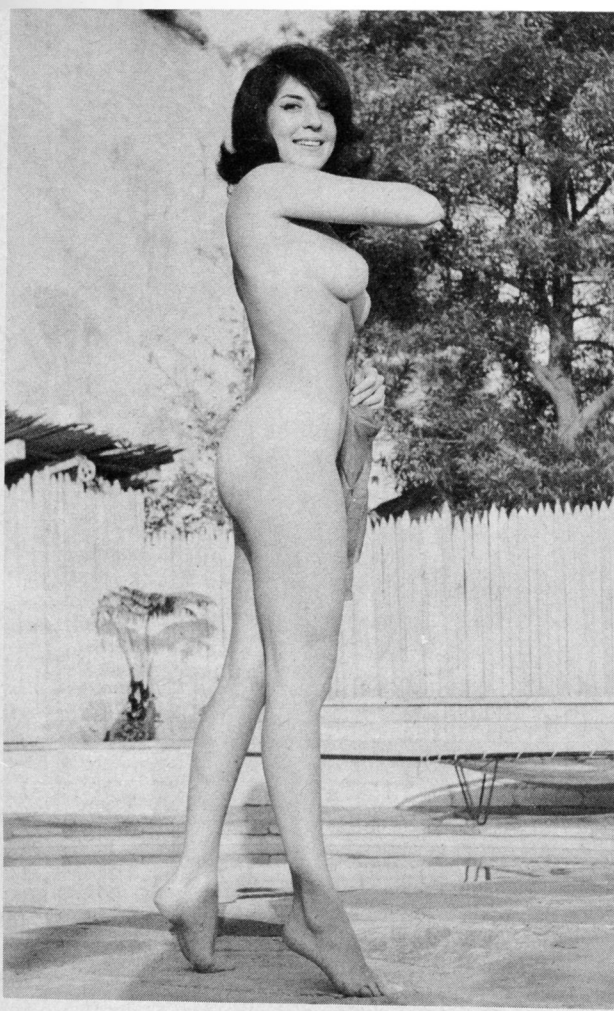
Her Infinite Variety



Nothing has inspired poets through the ages to rhapsodize so much, and in such varied ways, as the female of the species. Shakespeare knew why, when he said of woman: "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety."



"Praise forms no part of beauty," said Marcus Aurelius, as is demonstrated by Zsa Zsa Barnacky (l.) and Maria Stinger (above).



"A rag, a bone,
and a hank of
hair," may have
been Kipling's
idea of a woman,
but we prefer the
structures of
Carol White (l.),
Linda Roth (top),
and Sally Lippeau.



Doris Peterson is Nature's answer to Wordsworth's request to "show us how divine a thing a woman may be made."



**"Oh, could you view the melody of every grace,"
yearned poet Richard Lovelace in the 17th Century.
That was before cameras were invented to catch just
such "melodies" in the form of pictures like these!**



Dion Garrett proves Keats was right when he said, "Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."



Keats also said, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," which Diane Hartman proves.

"Woman is a dish for the gods," according to The Bard. Amanda Garth's some dish!

"East is east, and west is west," wrote Kipling. They meet in H'wood's Yuko Tani.







A SHIPBOARD AFFAIR

There are many things to do on a luxury liner, but on a French ship, one activity takes precedence over all others. And the French handle it with such finesse!

THE *Fontainebleu* was luxurious, didn't roll much, carried many female passengers—still Brad Mil- don wished he'd taken another ship.

Any other ship, British, banana boat, anything. French or not, for in the high seas romance department, the *Fontainebleu* was batting zero. Fine thing—two days out of New York, and still re-reading *Lolita*. Asleep in the deep, or on it; same business.

And watching the lush Yvonne Deschamps undulate through the lounge, or cavort in the pool wearing an eye-popping whisper of a Bikini.

Brad checked on her the first night out. *Madame* Deschamps, the steward accentuated, with a husband floating about; a rich one, but miserly.

Which guy was the husband, Brad didn't know. The man didn't sit in poker games, didn't invest in the daily mileage pool, didn't even lift a couple at the bar. He sunned himself, the steward said. With a wife like that, he sunned himself.

So much for the highly-touted French Line. Glamor, mystery, romance—all on the travel posters. He should have paddled across the ocean on a life raft. At least, he wouldn't have been frustrated by the plush rhythm of *Madame* Des-

champs tick-tocking across the deck in tight white shorts.

So he concentrated on the nightly poker sessions, playing a close-to-the-vest brand that brought a small, but steady stream of pots his way. The faces at the table were usually the same—two Frenchmen, a Britisher homeward-bound, and another vacationing American.

During the day, odd-man-out, Brad wandered the decks, glowering at the sea, at merry and attached girls playing shuffleboard. He ended in the bar, morosely sipping a drink. His first trip to Europe was a big fat bust.

The steward eased up to his elbow, ever-present towel folded over one arm. "M'sieu?"

Brad grunted. His sparkling repartee had left him when he found all the females on the ship were married.

"If you have a moment?" the steward murmured.

"I've got a moment," Brad said. "I have a long, monotonous string of moments. They're all alike, so take your pick."

The steward edged closer. "You are bored, then?"

"A mild word," Brad said.

"Perhaps I can help."

Brad peered at the man. "Dominoes, pinochle, a hornpipe?"

"Adventure, perhaps," the steward said.

Brad swallowed his drink. "Say on."

"Understand, sir — a respectable ship. I—I am unaccustomed to such things. But there are circumstances—"

"You're beating about the bush," Brad said, "or whatever takes its place on a ship."

"Pardon?"

"So okay. Explain your adventure."

The steward glanced around the near-deserted bar. "A lady wishes money, m'sieu. She has a miserly husband."

"*Madame* Deschamps," Brad said.

"Ah—then you have noticed her?"

"Ah — I said I was bored; not blind."

"A sad and lonely woman, m'sieu, one who needs money of her own. She commissioned me to approach you."

Brad signalled for a refill, and waited until the barkeep took himself back to glass-polishing. So the lush Yvonne had picked Brad Mil- don? It would serve her Scrooge husband right. This was more like it — romance with the added spice of danger.

He asked the steward a question. The apologetic answer jolted him a bit. It seemed that (Cont. on p. 64)



BY HAROLD C. WINN

Back to the Birds and Bees

The trouble with our culture is that we're just too busy reading about sex to do anything about it!

NOT LONG AGO I caught myself browsing through a magnificent accumulation of greeting cards maintained by my friendly corner pharmaceutical - and - culture chain. The ingenuity, variety and inclusiveness of the collection astounded me.

Did you know, for instance, that should a left-handed nephew on your wife's side fracture his right

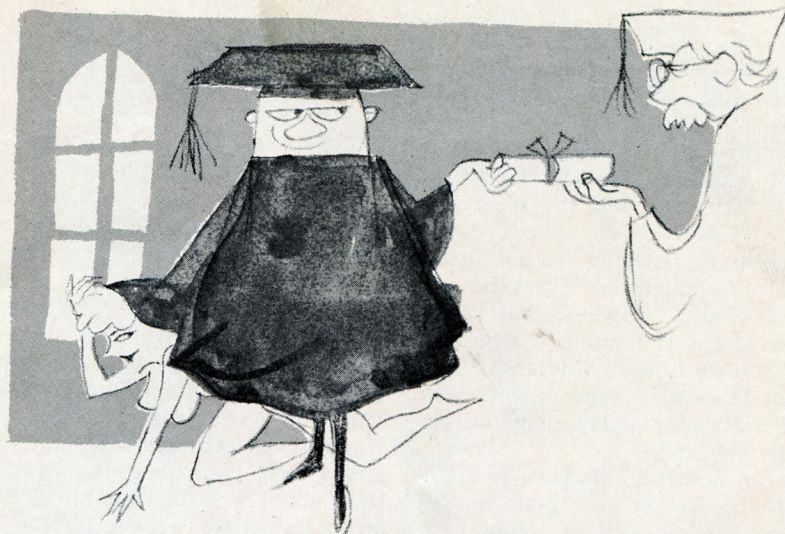
kneecap skiing down the south slope of the third mountain from the left at Squaw Valley, there is a document neatly printed and suitably illustrated that attests to your deep concern over his misfortune?

Were you aware that provision is made for the contingencies that a second cousin, once removed, might be sprung from the pen after serving six to 10 for armed robbery;

that a maiden aunt might find herself awaiting a young stranger at the hand of a person or persons unknown; and that a blue-eyed brother-in-law, an electrician by trade, should be ready to celebrate his 33rd year of life?

As I walked away, starry-eyed, from this Fabulous Parade of Festive Felicitations, I marveled at the inventiveness of the so-called human





mind. As I recall, the precise phrase I used, in a burst of creativeness, was "What won't they think of next?"

Miraculously, my rhetorical query was quickly answered. I had strolled over to the soft-cover and magazine section and there I found exactly what they had thought of next.

It was a mighty mass of volumes and periodicals, all devoted to the great cause of educating Homos Americanus.

A quick glance at the titles on display assured me that there is no longer any earthly reason why anybody — providing he lives within crawling distance of a drug store, and who doesn't? — can complain that any task, or any piece of information, is beyond his reach. If

there isn't a complete work on the subject, suitably bound, then there are no less than a dozen magazine articles that cover it thoroughly.

"How to Build a Sampan in your Neighbor's basement," "How to Wire an Electric Chair for your Den," "How to Make Millions without Leaving Your Bedroom," "How to Make Snowshoes from old Tennis Rackets," "How to Make Tennis Rackets from Old Snowshoes," "How to Make Anything Out of Anything Else," "How to Remember Every Number in the Telephone Book," . . . the list is endless.

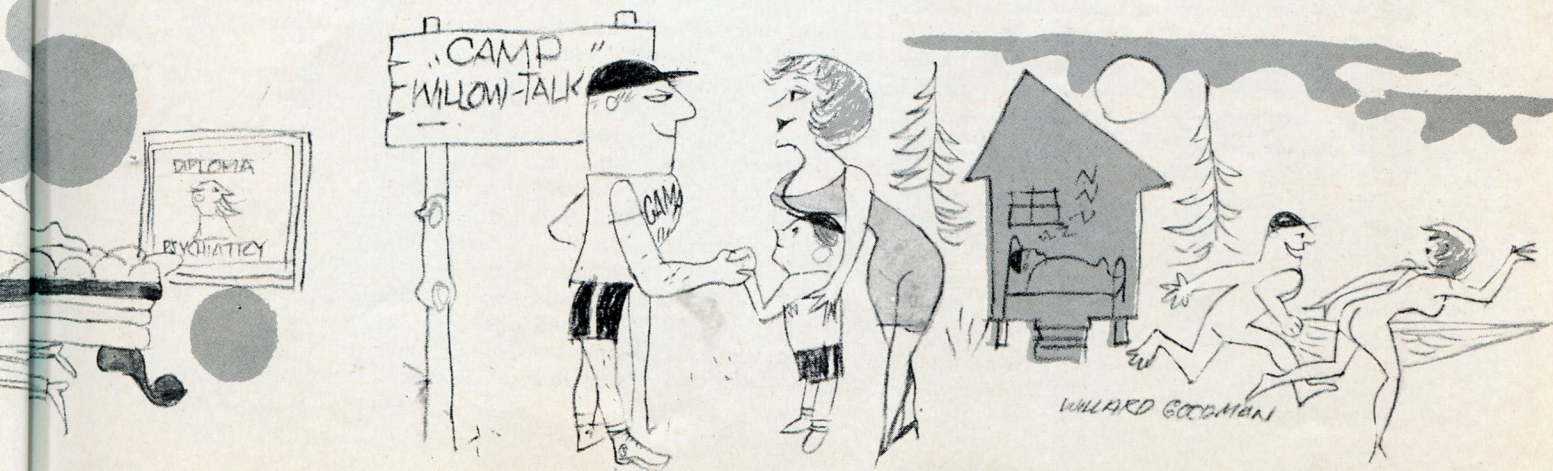
Bemused by this new-found source of erudition, I set my mighty mind to work. If a man can learn all that has yet been discovered on such prosaic subjects as sampans, snow-

shoes, tennis rackets, money and telephone numbers, why, I asked myself, can he not also take a post-graduate course in Sex, a topic that happens to be my hobby?

Again I got a quick answer. He can.

Probably more how-to volumes and magazine articles have been dedicated to that profoundly fascinating matter than to any other. Accordingly I decided to embark upon an educational spree, filling both arms with a huge mass of printed intelligence.

The titles were perfectly yummy and I fairly drooled as I contemplated the warm evenings I would spend by the fireside while the cold and the wind howled out-of-doors. Just to give (Cont. on next page)



BACK TO THE BIRDS AND BEES

you a sample: "You Can Learn to Love," "Can You Adjust to Adultery?" "Jealousy and the Marriage Bed," "What to do About Your Homosexual Brother-in-Law," "Is Your Wife Frigid to Everyone, or Just to You?" "How to Keep Your Daughter out of Trouble," "Are You Too Tired to Love?" "Increase Your Sexual Prowess," "How Much Love After 65?" and many, many others equally delectable.

For an aperitif I decided to titillate my senses with a little magazine we'll call Corona. What attracted me to it was a fat bellyband in firecracker red that girdled its compact little middle, screaming in huge letters: "YOU CAN LEARN TO LOVE."

"Oh boy," I chuckled to myself as I cuddled up close to Corona, "This should really be a ball. I wonder if they illustrate it with photos, artist's conceptions or diagrams." I even went so far as to ponder the wisdom of utilizing my newly acquired knowledge on Irene, the lady bartender at the So-So Cafe, or whether it might be better to employ it in the belated seduction of one Sandra, a sometime actress and artist's model and a more recent target of my sweaty ardor.

Eagerly I flipped the pages. When I found the article I was somewhat chagrined to learn not only that there were no illustrations or diagrams, but that the author was hailed as a well-known psychoanalyst."

Psychoanalyst indeed!

Now, I've been around the track, as the saying goes, as many times as the next guy. I've seen dames who pant for ballplayers, actors, newspapermen, gamblers, fighters, jockeys, even advertising men but I have yet to meet a broad who has said to me: "You don't happen to know a bar where psychoanalysts hang out, do you?"

When I think of a guy who can teach me about Sex, sometimes known as Love, I think about the Errol Flynn, the Rubirosas, the Aly Khans, the Frankie Sinatras, the Baby Pignataris... the guys who have done the research work in the lab, not the idle dreamers with their heads in the clouds.

Well, I figured, maybe this guy has a new angle. So I let my eye bounce lightly over the first few paragraphs, to get his general approach to the sacred topic. Hm... he says: "People think love is simple... but to find the right person to love is difficult. They confuse *falling* in love with *being* in love."

No hits, no runs, no errors so far. This guy hasn't said anything yet. "Love is an attitude which..." I'm afraid, doc, you are losing me fast. How about a little technique? How much liquor can a babe imbibe before she loses her lust for love, if ever? Is it true about oysters? Attitudes smattitudes!

Oh oh, here's the giveaway! Right here, on page 183, the psycho blows the whole works. "Most people," he says, pointing straight at me, "expect to be given prescriptions of how to do it yourself. I'm afraid anyone who reads this in that spirit will be disappointed..."

Doc, you have just lost yourself a patient. I *am* looking for a prescription of how to do it myself and I don't care who knows it.

Tossing that issue of Corona into the ashcan, let's have a look at a paperback volume that looks quite promising. Title is "Sex Histories of American College Men" and it is described as "a study in detail of the sex life of American college men, showing cultural and psychological influences" etc., etc.

No telling how this can benefit the casual seeker of education, but you never know. A knowledge of how the well educated classes Play the Game could be just what we need. Never know where you can pick up a useful tip.

Let's run through this one at random, seeking juicy little morsels. Ah, here's one that sounds inviting:

"Once, on a Friday evening, I was accompanying one of the married women at the resort to the store to help pick up some things. Coming back, in the hall, she stopped and kissed me. The suddenness of it surprised me so much I nearly dropped the package. I was pretty nervous... but she didn't mind. She seemed to forget about the incident immediately, but I stayed away from her after that."

Heavens, what a narrow escape! What might have ensued if the lad hadn't balked is too terrible to contemplate. We leave this shaken youth with the impression that he missed the boat at least twice. The first time is the obvious one; the second is, he ought to bat out his story for True Confessions instead of wasting his time reporting on his (lack of) sexual experiences for paperbacks.

Anything else old Joe College can teach us of the lower classes on the subject of Sacred and Profane Love? This, on page 175, is interesting, if not highly edifying:

"My entrance into junior high school marked a real change in my life... I had begun to acquire some confidence and my experiences at school built this up. I began to have some homosexual experiences with a friend, and I started dating rather steadily a girl in our class who was two years older than I."

Ah, here's a young man who likes to live life to the hilt. The book gives no indication of this particular youth's further progress in life, but it's our guess he should go far. He can get along in any company—male or female.

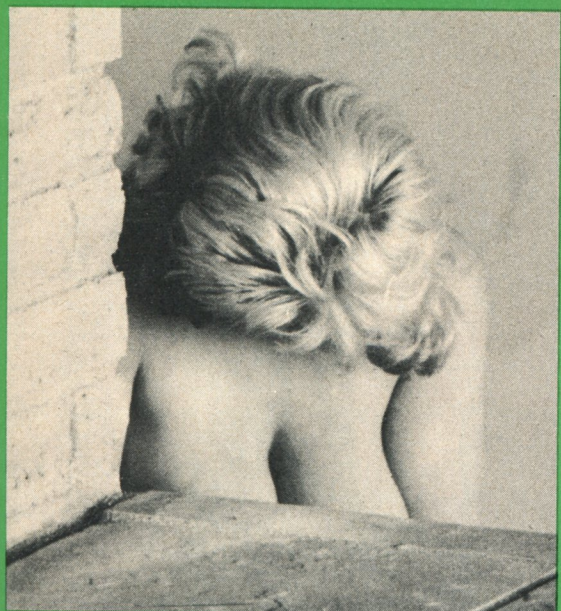
One more experience of an American college man and we will have done. This one spent a Summer as counselor at a boys' camp.

"I had the 10-year-old son of one of the owners of the camp in my unit. His mother worked at the camp, but his father came up only on weekends. One night Mrs. . . . invited me to come to her room to discuss her son. She was very eager and so we became lovers for the rest of the Summer. As soon as my boys were in bed, I would go to her room."

"At the end of the Summer," he goes on, "the father of this boy gave me a \$10 tip for taking such good care of his son. I wonder what he would have given me if he had known that I had also been taking care of his wife."

A very good question, and it shows that the typical young American college man is always in there thinking.

However, a careful leafing-through the balance of this (Cont. on p. 59)



REDDING, WILLING & ABLE



... is a most apt description for the pert
peek-a-boo blonde shown here. And it applies in
more ways than just a pictorial game of
hide-and-seek. To find out just what those ways
are, and for a clearer view of her, just ...

... See next page

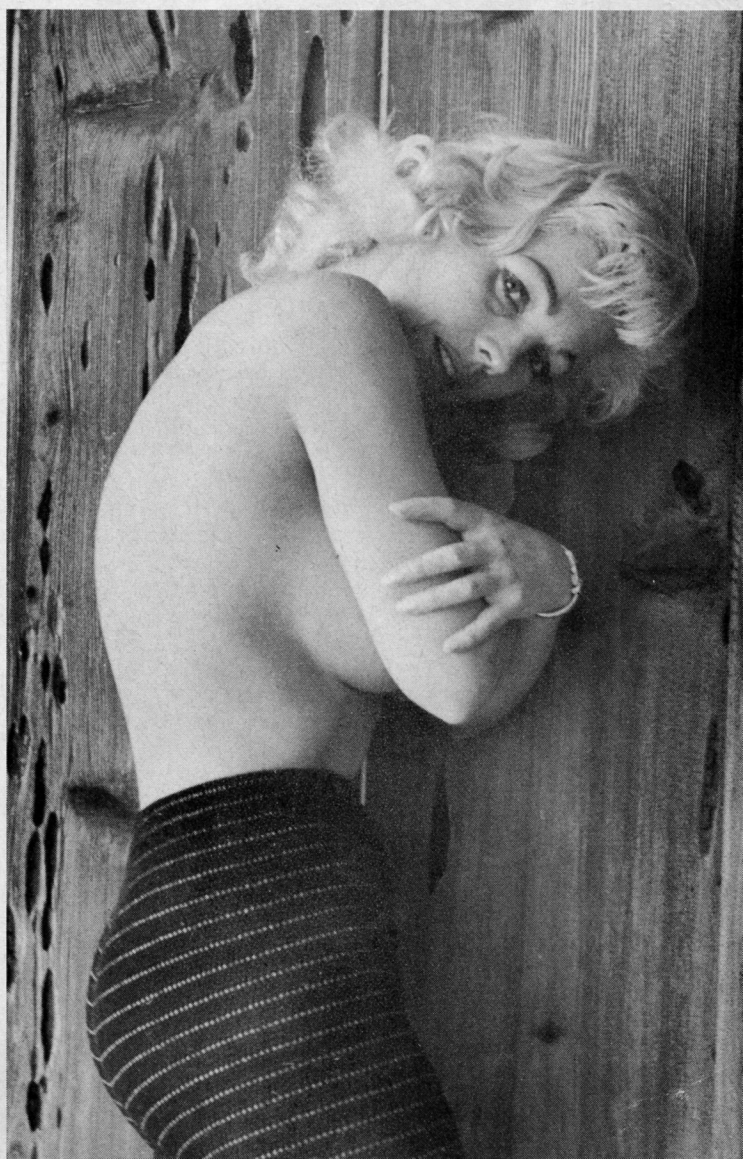
Yes, the face
behind the shy
facade belongs to
Julie Redding, one
career girl who,
by all means,
deserves to show
her many talents,
despite the semi-
anonymity on the
preceding page. And
she has more talent
than meets the eye,
although what meets
the eye is tops!



Willing to put her four years of studying, acting and singing on the line, Julie's pinning hopes on results of a recent screen test.



That she's more than able to hold audiences has been proven by Julie on several TV network appearances. Hey, Mr. Zanuck, Redding's ready!



It Pays To Be Sick, Sick, Sick!



BY HARRY GREGORY

With way-out writers, oddball artists
and weirdie TV comedians coining dough elbow
over psyche, it behooves the common
man to flip his lid and get into the act. You
don't have to be crazy to latch on to
a load of greenbacks—but it sure helps!

SOME YEARS BACK a rather unusual beggar plied his trade on the corner of 51st Street and Broadway in New York. What made this particular panhandler noteworthy, the reason he was one of the sights to be shown to visiting firemen, was his odd standard of alms-taking. He was known along the Main Stem as a nickel-grubber who stubbornly turned up his whiskey-red nose at any coin of larger denomination which was proffered him.

"This you've got to see," some Runyonesque character would fervently insist to his Uncle Willie from Winnetka and Uncle Willie would be dragged up to the madcap mendicant. The guide would then extend both palms open to the beggar; in one reposed a nickle, in the other a quarter.

The panhandler always chose the nickel. "Thank you kindly, sir," he would say politely.

"He's off his rocker," Uncle Willie would say as he allowed himself to be led away to the next point of interest on his sightseeing tour—usually the men's room at the Radio City Music Hall, one of the truly worthwhile wonders of the world.

And Broadway echoed Uncle Willie's opinion. They thought the beggar was bats, or, in today's terms, "sick, sick, sick." Why else did he always choose the lesser coin?

Why? Because the mendicant had stumbled on an important secret of modern living: *It pays to be sick, sick, sick!* The very first time he chose the quarter instead of the nickel, he would have kissed a good thing goodbye. It would have made him just another panhandler—and his profits would have dropped with his loss of uniqueness.

By always choosing the nickel, he maintained his position as an odd-ball and an oddity, as perhaps the only beggar in New York who was sought out by donators instead of having to seek them. And in profiting by being "sick," he was pointing the path to much greater profits for others in the 1960s.

This is the age of the neurotic and while mental health may be fine for some, the man who wants to amass moola must follow this path of nervous tension, spasmodic tics and twitches, introspective turmoil, claustrophobia, agrophobia and

Oedipal impulses—all, in the best psychological terminology, "well-compensated," naturally.

In other words, to become a success today, it helps to be sick, sick, sick—but not *too sick!*

Nowhere is this as obvious as in the entertainment world. Couch-coddled actors have been grasped to the public bosom and neuroticism has become a measure of potential box office appeal. The psycho-neurotic symptoms, treatment, cure and backsliding of such stars as Marlon Brando, Gene Tierney, Kim Novak and others are given wide press coverage and each stage of the analytical game increases the worth of the celebrity involved.

There is another type of show biz personality who has capitalized on the "sick, sick, sick" bit even more directly than the Hollywood star. This is the "sick" comic, who has translated today's preoccupation with things Freudian into top-paying comedy routines. Such psycho-jokesters as Mort Sahl, Lennie Bruce, Shelley Berman, Mike Nichols and Elaine May, Milt Kamen, Jack Douglas and a slew of others are coining the big buck by poking wry, sometimes wrathful fun at the psychoanalysis-obsessed world of today.

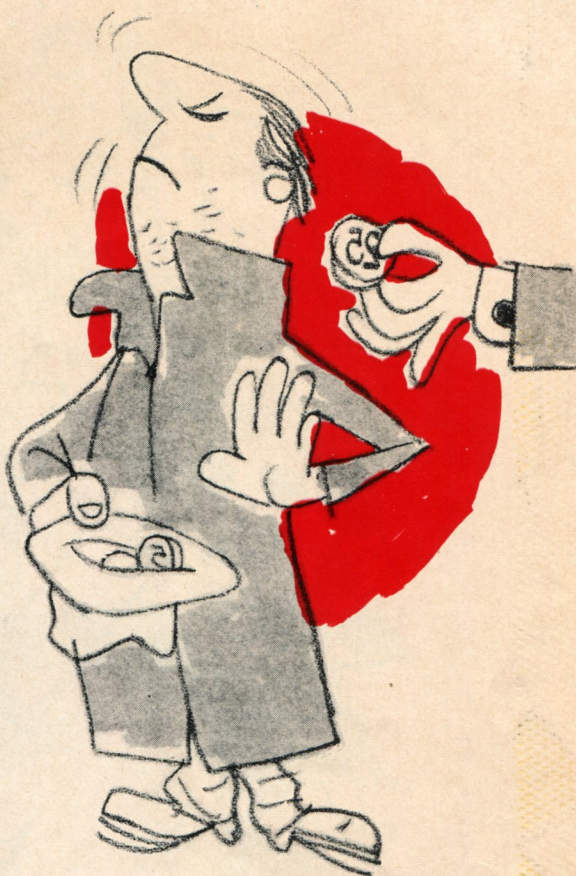
For example:

Mort Sahl's description of the airline stewardess who refused to take over the controls of an airliner in an emergency because this would be placing herself in a man's role and she might experience later difficulty in re-adjusting to her place as a female in society.

Or the Nichols and May bit about the girl who undergoes psychoanalysis because she has lost the use of her legs. It turns out that the reason for the affliction is that she had tripped her sister up as the latter was walking down the aisle on her wedding day. Upon realizing this, the patient regains the use of her legs—only to lose the use of her arms.

And the Milt Kamen routine about the grasshopper who felt "inadequate" because he couldn't learn to land according to form.

The TV airwaves, as well as the smoke-filled atmospheres of night clubs from coast-to-coast, abound with this type of "sick," humor. The



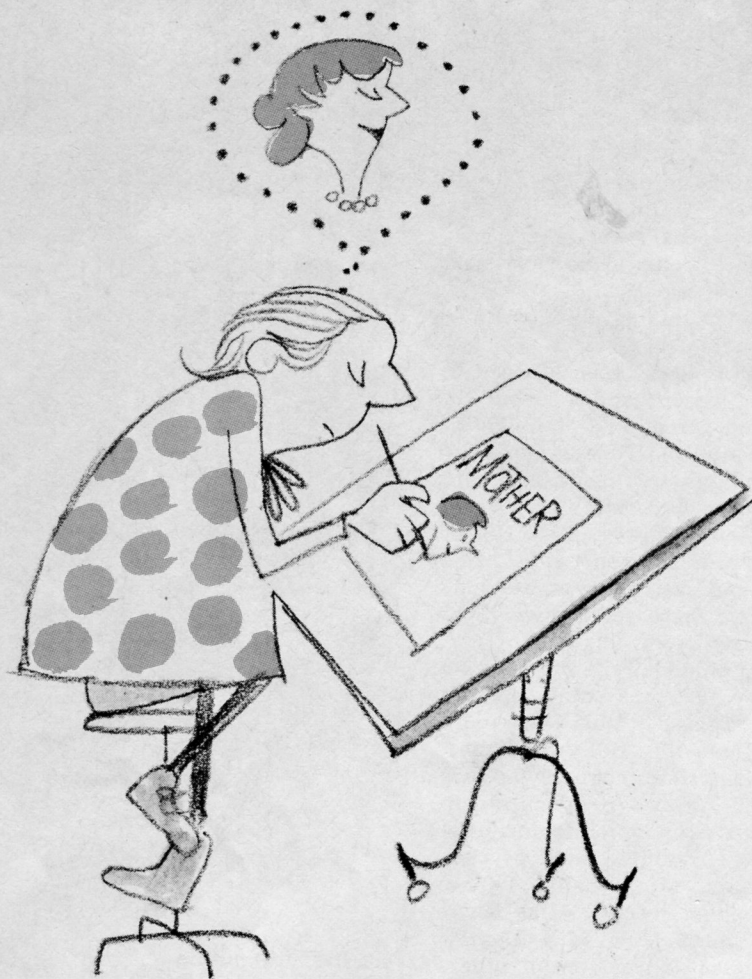
fact that the public goes on lapping it up is testimony to the American preoccupation with the vagaries of the mind and to our acceptance of the idea that anybody who doesn't admit to mental turmoil just doesn't understand the situation.

One who does understand it, who understood it sooner and better than his fellow comedians and writers, and who has been making it pay off for years, is Oscar Levant. The sharp-tongued Oscar has built a highly successful career around his self-confessed mental illnesses. His inability to relate to society (which doesn't keep society from paying him handsomely) is demonstrated by the following:

At the time of the Taylor-Reynolds-Fisher mixup, Oscar suggested on a coast-to-coast hookup that "Playhouse 90" star himself, Liz, Debbie and Eddie in a production of Noel Coward's "Private Lives."

After having dinner at the White House with the Trumans some years back, Oscar complained to his wife that he supposed now they'd have to ask Harry and Bess over to their place.

When somebody remarked to Oscar that *Continued on next page*



he was looking happy, the professional misanthrope replied, "I'm not myself today."

"My favorite exercises," he declared on another occasion, "are grovelling and brooding."

It's easy to see how Levant made the grade by being "sick, sick, sick." Nor is it hard to figure how other "sick" comics became successful. More difficult is an appreciation of how aberrations may pay off for the ordinary Joe. Can neuroses really prove profitable for him?

Perhaps the answer can best be given by citing the example of a quite ordinary businessman who was being treated by an analyst. Reclining on the headshrinker's couch one day, the businessman related this incident:

"A customer called today and ordered a gross of water closet chains at the usual price. Something about the man's voice antagonized me. I tried to repress the feeling, to sublimate with thoughts about food, or sex, but I just couldn't. I just had to release my aggressions somehow. I informed him, quite nastily, that the price had doubled."

Later, the businessman's analyst told the story to his analyst. "I asked him," he said, "if the customer had complained about the increased price and he told me that he hadn't, that he'd accepted it without question. He was bothered because he couldn't control his feelings of aggression; I'm bothered because if I ever cure him of these aggressive tendencies — which are actually quite profitable to him—he might not be able to make enough money to pay my bill."

Aggressive tendencies are not the only aberrations which prove to be assets in the business world. Other psychological peculiarities, usually bearing some relationship to the career the patient is following, also prove profitable. Thus a well-known stripper is being treated for an exhibitionist complex, a highly-paid illustrator of Mother's Day cards suffers from an Oedipus complex, a recognized modern artist is a victim of schizophrenia, a prominent nuclear scientist admits to a persecution complex, a well-known cry-baby singer displays homosexual tendencies and a famous architect

sublimates his impotency by erecting skyscrapers. All of these people have channeled their mental disorders into high-paying activities; all of them, if cured of these disorders might find their earning capacities severely damaged.

Nor does the value of various neuroses only profit outstanding people like those mentioned above. The 'little man' also profits from his mental deviations. And often in ways which are so obvious that they are overlooked.

For instance: How many men have become skilled barbers because of a secret fear of baldness? How many become doctors because they have been afflicted by some childhood disease and live in fear of its recurrence? How many competent surgeons are motivated by sadistic impulses? How many garbage men were driven to their profession by too early, too forceful toilet training?

Ludicrous? Perhaps. But true in many, many cases. Indeed, there are entire professions today which are built upon the particular neuroses of those engaged in them. Press agency, for instance, rests upon the extraversion of its practitioners. To be a ballyhoo artist in the first place, a man must have an outsized drive to impress his personality upon those around him.

The extreme introvert, on the other hand, is more apt to be drawn to the scholarly life. Teachers won't like this, and certainly there are exceptions, but the generalization can be made that the profession is founded on the shyness of its members, on their desire to hide away from the world, to withdraw themselves from competition, so to speak. A college campus offers a placid life to those who are trying to escape life. And the same generalization might be applied to the Civil Service—which might account for the over-stuffed structure of bureaucracy in this country today.

Yes, some professions are based on the aberrations of those engaged in them. And, peculiarly enough, nowhere is this so obvious as in the practice of psychology itself. If a particular neurosis draws a man to a particular profession, it should be noted that just about any neurosis, if it is extreme enough, may point a man towards the profession of psychiatry or psychoanalysis.

But mental disorder is a comparative thing. It's a moot point as to where personality traits leave off and neuroses begin. And in today's world, being "sick, sick, sick," is a fairly universal condition.

It's a condition which is reflected by everything around us. Our culture—our art, our literature, our music—constitutes a mirror of our society and the image shown is distorted even by our own standards.

In music, for instance, the discordant cacophony of rock-'n'-roll has swept the country in recent years. The thrusting of the pelvis has become a symbol of rhythmic savvy. If you can't hum it, then it must be hip. If you can't dance to it, then it must be basic. If it can't be played on any instrument yet developed, then it must be truly far out—and getting far out seems to be our ultimate aim today; indeed, we seem to be trying to get so far out that we won't have to come back.

The same "sick" trait is easily seen in our literature. On an artistic level, the stream of consciousness has taken over and the more turbulent the stream, the more depth the critics find in it. On the popular level, a liberal mixture of sex and violence with an icing of Freudianism to make it palatable are the ingredients which make up the best-seller. In both types of book, "sick" subjects are the most saleable. This is interesting because throughout the ages the most saleable literature has been that which best reflected its times, that with which the average reader could most readily identify. If today's readers — be they lowbrow or highbrow—are relating to Mickey Spillane, or William Faulkner, what more proof of our sickness is needed?

Nowhere is this more obvious than in the field of modern art. The abstractionist school has taken over and the most successful canvasses are the most indecipherable. Confusion runs rampant in the galleries and the prices brought by daubs unworthy of a three-year-old finger-painter are fantastically high. If these paintings are indicative of the state man is in (and many artists claim they are), then we might as well resign ourselves to being looney—and to profiting by it.

One group which is profiting very nicely are the cartoonists. Such artists as Walt Kelly and Jules Pfeiffer



have attained tremendous popularity by pointing up the "sick" tenor of the times. Last Christmas "Pogo" fans were busy caroling "Deck the halls with Boston Charlie" in passive rebellion against the commercialism which pervaded the holiday. And Pfeiffer fans are still chuckling over his spoof of modern courtship. In it, a man and woman are sitting on a couch and the man is telling the woman what is wrong with her in a spew of Freudian terminology. In each square, the man is moving closer to the woman. In the final one, he is practically on top of her and she is asking why he is telling her all this. "Because," he answers, "I want to help you."

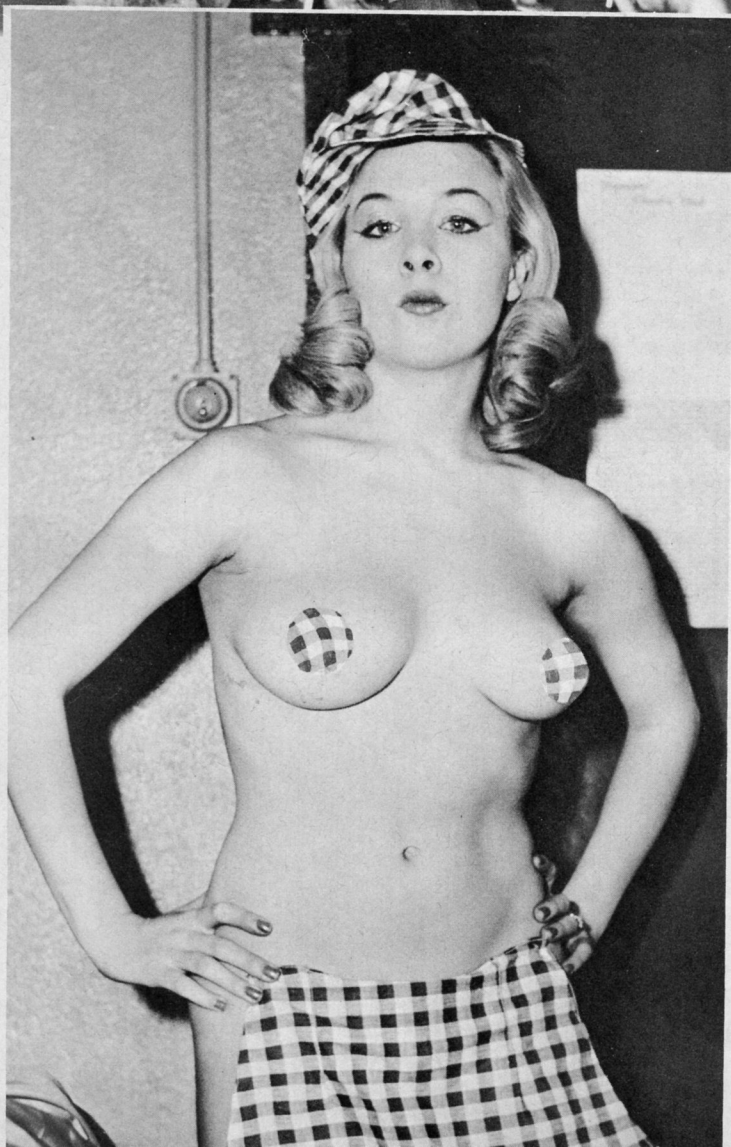
To "help" was perhaps also the aim of the companies which came out with the "sick" mottoes found on the walls of offices all over America. "THINK" is the most popular one, with "Stamp out Mental Health" running second. Another reads: "Work is the ruination of the drinking classes." Yet another, showing a mass of snakes inextricably tangled, reads: "We're all in this together."

Such cards have proven highly

profitable for their manufacturers. The reason is that we all *are* in this together—and we're all trying to make a buck. The best way to make it seems to be to capitalize on being "sick, sick, sick."



PICADILLY'S PEEK-TEST REVUE

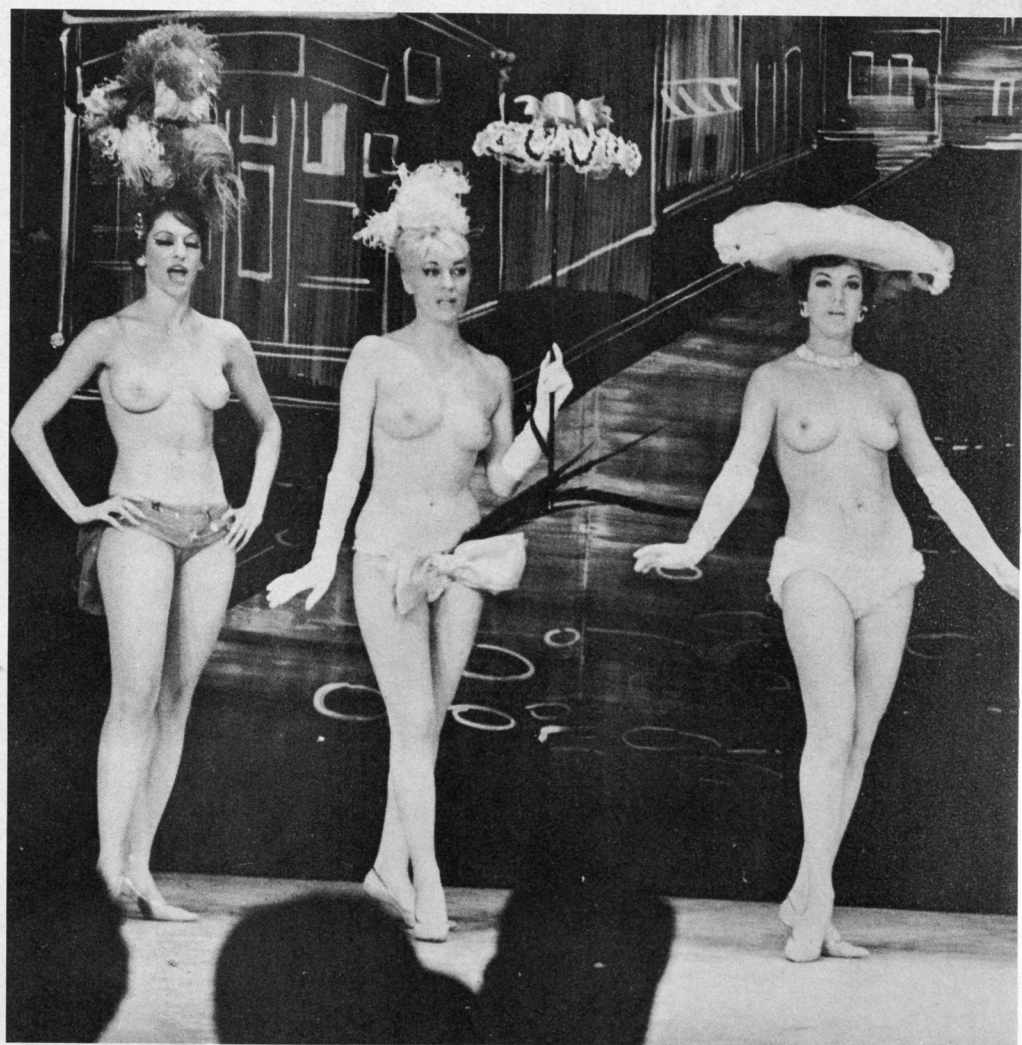


AN AMERICAN in Paris—even one who doesn't speak French—has no trouble finding the Gallic fun spots. He may be fleeced by cab drivers, but eventually he'll wend his way to the *Folies Bergere*. *Gendarmes* may confuse him when it comes to directions, but sooner or later he'll find the *Moulin Rouge* and he'll love it. Mild swindles may be perpetrated upon him by bistro waiters making fast change, but he'll carry away memories of those Parisian *filles* that will last him a lifetime. And he'll do all this easily, despite the fact that he's a stranger speaking a strange tongue in a strange city. But plunk the same American down in London and, even though he may speak the language after his Yankee fashion, he's at a loss. All he knows when it comes to seeking fun in the staid British capitol is one word: Picadilly. Fortunately, he usually knows that. If he didn't, he might conceivably spend his entire stay watching the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace—which is admittedly colorful, but somewhat lacking in sex appeal. That's one quality that Picadilly doesn't lack. Here the visiting cousin will find entertainment and excitement galore. Here he will find possibly the sizzlingest shows in the world, revues that make their (Cont. on p. 54)

Club Panama chorine Annie MacLain was recruited in Glasgow. She does Scotch dance.



L. to R.: Maxine Mills is a shapely Mohawk maiden in version of Indian dance; Lina Perino, originally from Venice, waits to go onstage in Egyptian dance number; the two gals, right, stand near wings and are called "end men!"



"Seeing Stars" number has been show's high point this season; a satire on how to achieve stardom in Hollywood, it's a favorite with Americans.



Backstage at the Panama contract renewal negotiations are carried on informally by the manager and Yoki Tasharu.

counterparts across the channel seem tame by comparison. Picadilly's reputation, spread far and wide as it is, is justified. And nowhere more so than in the fabulous spectacles staged by the Club Panama. Here thematic originality is combined with the natural voluptuousness of the entertainment world's most carefully selected showgirls to present a revue that might make a Ziegfeld envious. If the tourist has missed the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace, he can see it emulated at the Club Panama. And if the costumes are different, it's doubtful if he'll complain. They're every bit as colorful — and far more revealing. And the "guards" are so much shapelier. And this is only one of the torrid satires the nitery offers. Others include "Nudes in the News," a humorously fleshy take-off on the headlines of the day; the "Devil Dance," a whirling dance excursion into the nether regions; and "On the Spanish Beach," a sultry panorama of Latin bathing

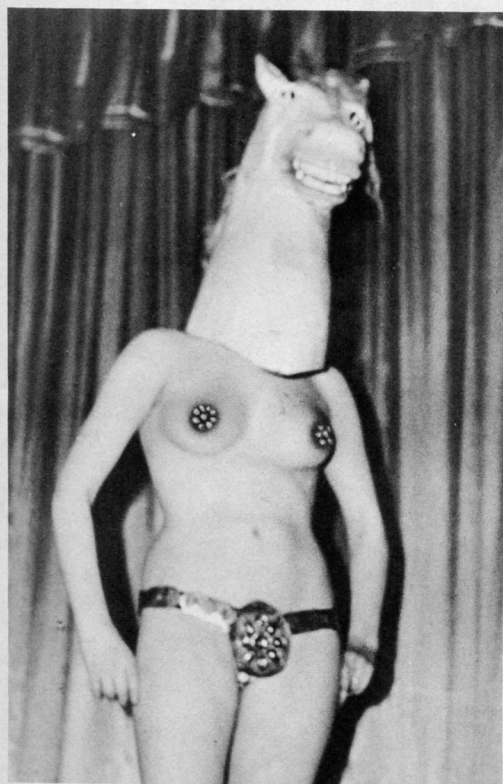
beauties. The girls in the ensemble are recruited from all over the world. Among them is a lovely known simply as Lorraine who is recognized to be England's top glamour model. She has the distinction of being the most photographed poser in the British Empire. Among her contemporaries are a Swedish beauty contest queen, a Swiss dance competition winner and a Japanese beauty trained in the famous Takarazuka Theater School. Variety in beauty is among the things the Panama is noted for. Their girls vary from wholesome to sultry, from lazily exotic to healthy outdoor types. A neat balance of blondes, brunettes and redheads is always maintained and they come in all shapely shapes and sizes. The Panama's boast is that there's a girl in their show to suit every taste. From the enthusiastic reactions of their audiences, the boast is justified. The tourist knowing enough to find his way to Picadilly won't want to miss Picadilly's peek-iest revue! ●



Peggy Ray performs a bouncy single that has elements of humor and sex appeal.



Featured in a production number titled "The Sultan's Harem," voluptuous Magda Kovanci was an anti-Red in Hungary before coming to London.



The Panama's "Barnyard Follies" features chorus girls wearing head masks of farm beasts.

Antoinette DeBourget (l.), a shapely import from Paris, and Janet Lester, a native Londoner, pose backstage in "Funny Face" garb.



A SHORT HISTORY OF UNDRE

P

ERHAPS it's because I'm an artist and I often paint women in the nude. Or maybe it's because I'm different in some obscure psychological way from other men.

Whatever it is, I just don't understand why practically every American male is displaying intense interest in Hollywood's latest "daring" project to boost its products and keep the movie fans gasping in their seats. For the film moguls have announced that they are deliberately going to risk the wrath of the censors by treating movie-audiences to full-length but from-the-rear glimpses of the naked female body.

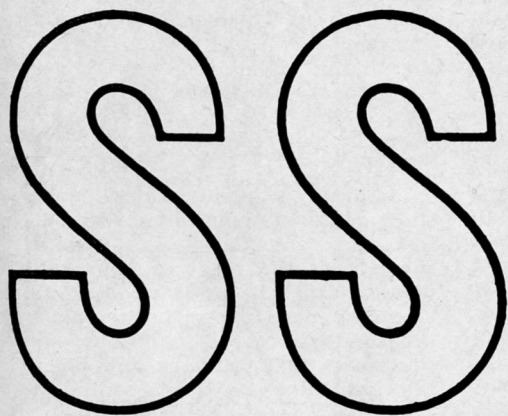
"In foreign countries women have been depicted on the screen in the nude for years," they protest righteously. "Why shouldn't we be allowed to cash in on the suppressed hunger for feminine beauty? The people want it. Why not risk giving it to them?"

Why not indeed? Artists have been "risking" the presentation of the nude female form not for years, but for centuries, yet the man with the palette has never considered it daring or develish to do this. What can be so unusual or shocking about it when in most other countries except the U.S. the beauty of the nude human form has been an inspiration to painters ever since the



Female forms have fascinated men since the days of Adam and Eve. As to whether this fascination's on a high, or low plane, well—here's the naked truth!

BY PAUL BROCK



dawn of the Renaissance and has retained that status?

For some four hundred years European painters have demonstrated their marvelous technique in their paintings of women, and some of these painters have become so obsessed with one particular woman that they have painted her in the nude over and over again. Sometimes they have allowed the whole of their work to be peopled with reflections of her face and echoes of her form even when they pretended to be painting somebody else.

How many times did Rubens, for instance, paint Helen Fourment, clothed and unclothed, as herself and as all three goddesses in "Judgment of Paris?" How often did Simonetta Vespucci pose in the nude for Botticelli before he produced his masterpiece, "Venus"?

Even King Louis XV of France, an enthusiastic amateur painter, had a favorite model for his nudes. Her real name was never known, but the artist Boucher painted her in the nude as "La Petite Morphi."

According to another staunch supporter of the female form divine—Casanova—Louis saw the painting and asked to meet the original. So they washed La Petite Morphi in hot water and took her to Versailles where the king locked her up in his private seraglio, permitting only court ladies to visit her. After a year she gave birth to a son.

Favorite of the famed English painter, George Rom-

ney, was Emma Hart, known to history as Lady Hamilton. We might be tempted to disbelieve the praise lavished on her unclothed beauty at the time, but for the fact that the painter depicted her for all posterity to judge. To all artists she sat for, including Reynolds, she was an inspiration, but to George Romney she became an obsession. For several years he refused commissions and reduced the number of his sitters so that he could paint his chosen model in every state of undress and attitude. He painted her as Baccante, as a sibyl, as a saint, as a nun. She was Magdalene, Calypso, Circe and Joan of Arc.

Many times he painted her as herself, and that self gave opportunity for endless expression, for her lovely body and features could express the whole range of the sensuous passions. Three years after first meeting Romney while still the mistress of the Honorable Charles Greville, she was whisked away to Italy by Sir William Hamilton and later became the mental and physical inspiration of Britain's most famous sailor, Lord Nelson.

Another working girl whose beauty of body attracted artists like moths to a candle was the ill-fated Elizabeth Siddall. She worked as a milliner's assistant in a rat-ridden alley off London's Leicester Square when Walter Deverell, the pre-Raphaelite, found her in 1852. She posed for several of his nudes until other pre-Raphaelites bid for her services, chief among them being Millais and Rosseti.

One of the poses Millais asked of her probably sowed the seed of her future ill-health. He wanted her as Ophelia, drowning in the river, but kept afloat for a while by her skirts. Elizabeth obediently posed for this effect not only in the River Ewell at Kingston, but in a bath, and caught a chill which later developed into tuberculosis.

She owes her immortality, however, to Rosseti. She lived with him nine years before he offered to marry her, but though she satisfied the craftsman side of his nature she was never capable of satisfying him physically. For that he went to Frances Cornforth, later known as Fanny Schott, a blowsy-eyed slut with a flabby figure and corn-yellow hair. He was probably with her on the night of February 12th, 1862, when Elizabeth took an overdose of laudanum. Rossetti, stricken by remorse, flung into her grave the manuscript of his finest poems.

The famed artist Renoir, who organized his life completely to his own satisfaction, was probably one of the happiest men who ever lived, and the model he used for his nudes was the greatest factor in his happiness. He had no social ambitions, no expensive desires. His pleasure was painting a beautiful woman, eating excellent food and dozing in the sun. The girl he called Gabrielle was his cook, household slave, model and mistress. She prepared the master's dejeuner, poured out his wine, posed for him, and shared his bed with equal confidence and pleasure. He painted her many times.

While portraying the female form, all these artists, and hundreds of others, invested their versions of a favorite model with ideas and (Cont. on next page)

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A SHORT HISTORY OF UNDRESS

ideals, and often distorted the female body to convey their own thoughts about women.

These variations in the painted nude have been and still are enormous. Some liked the female figure fat, some liked it lean, narrow-chested and stringy. Individualists by long tradition, artists of different periods rarely saw the same marks of beauty in the nudes who posed for them.

The "Venus of Willemdorf," for instance, now reposing in the American Museum of Natural History, was fashioned by a Cro-Magnon artist about 20,000 years ago. Woman to him was merely a symbol of fertility and maternity. Her face was of no importance, and he dismissed it by producing only the contour of her head, concentrating on her large, bulbous breasts, wide hips and strong thighs.

Rubens preferred what he described as "well-fed warmth" in a woman. His interpretation of the "Judgment of Paris" glows with it. Thomas Craven says of Rubens: "His conception of the fullness and richness of life could never have been expressed in the forms of thin women. He needed size, health and luxuriantly developed wide-girthed bodies in a world of three dimensions, everything that was the opposite of the mean, the stunted and the dieted." In other words, *zophtig*.

Life at court during the reign of the artistic Louis XV (1715-1774) was characterized by an intense love of the female form and a pursuit of sensual pleasure bordering on frenzy. Life was meant for a well-bred man to enjoy to the full. An abundance of attractive women was considered essential to his happiness.

This light-hearted men's world is interpreted faithfully in Fragonard's "The Pursuit," one of six panels ordered by Madame du Barry, commander-in-chief of the king's mistresses. The women depicted by Fragonard are butterfly-bodied, the epitome of fragility, ready to be crushed in the arms of the aggressive, pleasure-loving male. Where Rubens saw an earthy solidity in the female form, Fragonard saw airy delicacy, smoothly encased in shimmering transparent satin and creamy lace.

The Greeks on the other hand glorified the female form in such familiar examples of classic art as the "Venus de Milo." The Venus is represented as a beauty of maturity, dignity and simplicity, the ideal woman for the sophisticated Greek male. Her perfectly proportioned shoulders and breasts are still the acme of perfection even by today's

peculiar standards, but her generous waist and hips are scorned by our modern masters of the nude figure.

Such masters consider it a sad and baffling puzzle why nude painting or photography, or even the showing of the nude female form in movies or on the stage, always has to be so strongly defended against a minority of people who attack the artistic with a fierce dedication out of all proportion to their numbers.

Surely the prim and tight-lipped critics who condemn artists and creators should belong to the last century when human beings were only visible, except in moments of the greatest intimacy, as suits and dresses from which faces and hands emerged. Swim suit fashions such as the bikini, advertising with honest sex appeal, magazines, movies and TV should have changed all that, even in our comparatively chilly climate.

In hotter countries where people show more of themselves for comfort and convenience, the shocked surprise at the sight of nakedness would hardly be understood at all. Or so we must judge from the many thousands of nude paintings and sculptures that southern and oriental civilizations have left behind.

The human form, everywhere, of all things in Nature, has always been and still is the object of man's strongest and most intimate interest. A woman's naked body is not a landscape, a still-life picture, or a depiction of a four-legged beast. It is the glorious female of the species, the one thing in the visible world with everlasting interest for the intelligent male.

By studying the nude, man learns many of the subtle secrets of design—and when he is an artist that is his first and foremost problem. What else in Nature is more harmoniously made? Seas, hills, trees, flowers, even animals have not that perfect balance of the parts within the whole that a nude figure has, and that a picture should have as well.

So, to the man who is expected to cater to human tastes and interests—the artist, the photographer, the publisher, the movie-maker—the tasteful presentation of the nude female form is of deep importance.

And I say this—anybody who has seen a professional painter working from the model for days on end will recognize the dispassionate intellectual element in his searchings. They will realize how trivial is the ignorant prude's notion that the impulse of the artist or of the people who admire his work is exclusively erotic.

THE BIRDS AND THE BEES

(Continued from page 44)

volume leaves us with the impression that the intimate confessions of a bunch of immature college men aren't going to contribute much toward a better understanding of how Sex works and how to make it work even better.

Head bloody but unbowed and a wee bit disillusioned, we leave the area of collegiate confessions and search for what we might call sound, practical advice.

I hold in my hand a volume called "How to Live 365 Days a Year," a work that promises to be nothing less than a boon to those of us who have been living 363, 371 or 327 days per annum. As a matter of fact, I may have made a mistake by reading this thing in 1960, for it leaves me with one day through which I'll have to steer my way by dead reckoning, for the worthy physician responsible for the opus, one Dr. John A. Schindler, doesn't explain how a man is supposed to stagger through the 366th day of a leap year without his friendly aid and guidance.

Casting that extraday aside for the nonce, let us see what pearls we may find in the oyster banks of Dr. Schindler's peaceful seas.

Well, the first part of this epic is devoted to such non-essential matters as good health and how not to worry. A pox on such trivia! Where's the sex? Even a physician ought to realize that somewhere along the line a guy who lives a 365-day year can't keep his mind from dwelling, at least once or twice, on S-X.

It took a bit of searching, but we found it. "How to Attain Sexual Maturity," the doc titles this section and we delve greedily into the fountain of his wisdom.

Somehow we come up from all of this with the feeling that the doctor not only knows very little about sex, but that what he does know is wrong and that is why he disapproves of it so strongly. Never have I encountered, at least in print, a man so dead sot agin Sex.

He speaks slightly of those who pursue the goddess Eros to the inevitable end and hints, with the delicacy of a Baltimore Colt tackle red-dogging the passer, that it's best to leave the stuff alone. Grudgingly he concedes, you'll be glad to learn, that a guy is entitled to a little boudoir sport if it's within the sacred bonds of matrimony, but we suspect that he makes even this concession reluctantly.

Wait a minute... here's a fine sample of the worthy doctor's line of merchandise. One chapter in his Sexual Maturity section is headed—so help me! — "Anything That Can Lead to Suicide is Best Omitted."

There's a thought to end all thoughts and if the Nobel Prize people don't come up with an Oscar for Doc on that one, they're biased, that's what.

To illustrate this example of Pure Reason, Dr. S. tells us, with obvious repugnance, the sordid story of a man he calls—is there no end to the man's ingenuity? — "Richard Roe." It seems this Roe chap got himself mixed up with what the doc describes as a "person of the other sex," meaning, I suppose, a female, since Richard is definitely all-boy. I quote:

"Richard carried on for a long time without anyone being the wiser... he met the girl in various ways, at various places. Then one night they were at a motel they had often frequented."

Now get this. "The manager suspected an irregularity and intercepted the couple in the midst of a tryst (sic). Richard had registered under an assumed name as husband of the lady. He was in a legal spot. (What legal spot the doctor doesn't explain.) He and the lady left before the police could be called, but the manager had secured his right name and address" (also unexplained).

"For two days," Dr. Schindler goes on, "Richard sweated... on the third day the motel manager filed his complaint. (Italics ours.) At 10:30 Richard was given the summons. At 10:45 he put a bullet through his head."

Q.E.D. What can lead to suicide is best omitted.

Did you ever hear such drivel in your life? The writer is trying, I suppose, to show the evils of getting caught in the act; all he proves to my satisfaction is that he is the biggest Square in all Squaresville and doesn't know what the Hell he's talking about.

What was this "complaint" the manager filed? Hadn't Richard paid the bill? He and the "person of the other sex" had often visited the place before, so why the big beef? And in just what State is it an offense against a motel to register under an assumed name?

I am no great shakes on ancient history. I'm not at all sure what brought about the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, but I have my suspicions. I think the D&F began when the Romans stopped doing things and started talking and writing about them.

There's a lesson here. There's entirely too much stuff about Sex in the drugstores and I fear the corollary is, there's not enough in the boudoir. To Hell with Sex Education!

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THE BARE TRUTH

(Continued from page 9)

whatever they were called. Miss Jones had seen things, too. The glasses. He'd found them on his way to work. Strangely shaped and colored, and when he'd looked through them—

Miss Jones was staring at him with a speculative light in her violet eyes. "You know, there's a lot more to you than meets the eye. Only that's not quite right. I mean when you do meet the eye there's a lot more to you. I mean—"

"I see what you mean," Mark said hastily.

"You do? You did? Uh-huh; you were peeping at me, weren't you? And you've always been so shy."

A frosted door behind them shook as the head of Kelso, Inc. roared for Mark. Mark jumped.

"Oh, pooh," Miss Jones said. "I'll see you later."

Scrambling for a sheaf of reports, pencils, charts, Mark got tangled with the glasses again. He coughed at Mr. Kelso's door.

"Stop that damned hacking and come in!"

Mr. Kelso was a bull in an impeccably tailored suit. He glittered in tailoring. Mark adjusted the glasses. Mr. Kelso also wore a girdle.

"You wear a girdle," he said.

Mr. Kelso's jowls paled. "How—how did you know?"

Mark felt an exhilarating sense of power. The muscled, fearsome Kelso of Kelso, Inc. wasn't so damned muscled at that, and a long way from being fearsome, seen through the glasses. Few men are, with their clothes off.

He stared coldly at his boss. "What's the difference? I know."

"Ha-ha, Mark; no need to uh—mention it again, eh? Well, now. Edie's been telling me I work you too hard. Suppose you just take the day off."

Her name whipped Mark back out of the door. The boss's daughter, an icy goddess. Edie Kelso—a name as magic as the glasses he wore. Such lovely glasses, he thought. They stripped—and that was the word—stripped everybody of all ornately false fronts, showed them exactly as they were, without padding and badges. To paraphrase Miss Jones: Hooboy!

He leered it into her perfumed ear. She jumped, but not away from him. She felt pleasantly seductive and more than a little wiggly. Swept away in new-found power, Mark whispered something else.

She batted thick lashes. "You mean—now?"

He plunged on. "In the office penthouse."

"But—but old H.J.—I mean, Mr. Kelso—"

"He's afraid to come out of his office."

Stunned pliant, Miss Jones rippled along beside him. If she hadn't been holding to his arm, Mark would have bounced off the hall ceiling. The glasses showed him passing typists and secretaries—so much at once, jiggling and trembling and bobbing; gold and white and powdered; hilled and valleyed; high-lighted and shadowed.

"Hooboy," he muttered.

"You're in a rut," Miss Jones said.

But such a rut. That nude brunette, the naked blonde, the redhead who certainly was. Torsos all swaying and tippytoeing and bumping so near.

Miss Jones hauled him rubber-kneed into the elevator. When the petite operator moved her machine up, part of her went down in an interesting swoop. Miss Jones hauled him out and into the penthouse Kelso, Inc., reserved for Very Important Clients—and Miss Jones.

Just inside the threshold, she kissed him. Steam streaked the glasses as she lifted them away. "You won't need these."

He didn't. It was much nicer watching her clothing come off bit by bit, instead of dissolving all at once. The difference was in the way she snake-hipped out of things. Silken-textured, she moved to him. A mighty surge tangled him in rhythmic embrace, plunged him into a sweetwarm cauldron of caressing bubbles. The bubbles exploded in a geysering of madsilver foam and left him lax and weary on a pale-moon beach.

Miss Jones helped him celebrate with a drink; with two drinks. Kelso, Inc. kept a well-stocked bar to go with its well-stacked—Mark shook his head. He wasn't used to liquor, but then, he wasn't used to scenes like the recent one with Miss Jones. He'd like to be.

One more drink pushed him back into his clothes and out of the penthouse, because his number brain reminded him that this was Tuesday. Tuesdays were special, because then Edie Kelso made her visit to Kelso, Inc. Mark had never missed seeing her, even if it meant skipping lunch.

Miss Jones was too busy liberating the rest of the liquor to notice he was gone.

But she was a milepost, a marker on the road to freedom from a nagging sense of inferiority. Mark touched the magic glasses. He'd always been awed by the trappings of wealth and power, by Brooks Brothers badges of rank. Down to the buff, all men were alike. Even on Tuesdays.

Mark resisted a temptation to pat

the unhampered hillocks of the elevator girl, and floated into the office. His grand entrance was spoiled by a chest-on collision with a petite creature using bumpers.

He grabbed desperately for his glasses and got them straight.

"Well," said the tiny creature with blueblack hair and blackwarm eyes. "Using Dad's girdle to threaten him, smelling like rich Kentucky, and now grabbing girls. What happened to the silent statue at desk three?"

Mark focused through the glasses. Edie Kelso was petite all over, but not deficient. Where other women were full, Edie was trim and dainty. Where other women were curved, Edie was sleeky rounded. And just as regal without her furs—a proud flaring of miniature hips, a slimmed, delicate precision of flesh. A goddess.

"Uh-uh-uh," Mark said brightly.

Her face was piquant, uptilted to him. "Those ridiculous glasses don't do anything for you, but something has. And it's about time."

Edie's voice was the murmur of silver bells in a pagan temple. She stamped a small foot. Mark glanced down in instinctive reflex. From the dusky ivory of her tapered thigh to the polished knee, down along the modelled swell of her calf, the leg was a masterpiece."

"Are you going to—to revert?" Edie asked. "Don't you dare. I've

waited too damn long already."

W-w-waited? I never dreamed—"

When she lifted a butterfly hand to remove his glasses, Edie undid him completely. She wasn't a shining nude any more. She was mink and diamonds—the boss's daughter.

Shriveled, Mark backed away. Edie frowned, then flung herself at him. When he recovered his balance, she was propelling him outside and into a taxi.

He squinched away from her. "Miss Kelso—"

"Edie, dammit. Dad always said you were a—a pipsqueak. I said you were just shy. Now you're going to act like a grown man or—or—"

She didn't finish her threat because the cab stopped. With a grip on Mark's necktie, Edie hauled him into the house. And into a bedroom that smelled of sandalwood and spices.

"Now," she said.

Mark rubbed his throat. The enchanted glasses; if only she'd let him keep them on. With them, he had a knowing power; without them, he was just a—a pipsqueak.

She was in his arms, her small, delightful mouth searching over his, her little girl body off the floor and thrust to him. She tasted of rain-bows and sunlight dancing on magic

mountains. Something ripped and came away in his hands.

"That's more like it," Edie murmured, and helped by shucking deftly out of sheer, clinging things. She looked better without them. She looked wonderful.

They were together in magnificent hunger, in a raging need that shook the world around them; her body seemed all desires.

When the trumpeting, cymballed crescendo burst around and through them, Mark and Edie drifted in blended warmth, spiralling gently back to near-reality. But the glow remained. It always would.

As women will, she spoke suddenly from the protective instinct of females. "Mark—darling, I'm sorry. I left your funny glasses in the cab."

He didn't need glasses. He could see her perfectly well, and he loved what he saw.

"Shall I call the cab company?" Edie asked.

He didn't need glasses, magic ones that stripped away falseness and sham, or the regular kind. Maybe someone else would find them—someone who needed them as he had, at first.

Mark reached for her again. "Finders keepers," he said.

It wasn't a damned bit original, but she understood what he meant. ●

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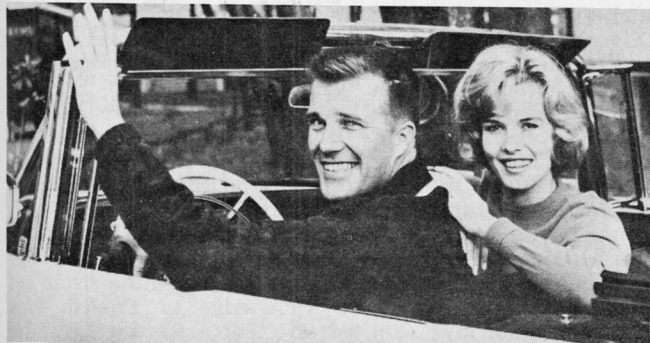
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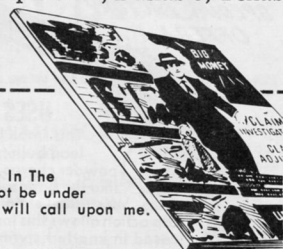
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LOVE ON A SHOESTRING

(Continued from page 12)

just for myself—" theme right along. If women weren't so easily taken in by the love game, no man would get to first base with so corny an approach. But since the woman's mind is thinking, "If he loves me, he'll marry me," while the man's mind is thinking, "If I let her think I love her, she'll let me," there is considerable advantage to the fellow out for love sans cost.

Naturally, however, there is no pleasure without its pain, and the problem's a girl who Won't Let Go. Here are some ways of ending an affair quickly and cheaply.

1. Try never to let the girl know you no longer love her. The best approach for the married man is still the, "You're being a very foolish girl to waste your time on me, honey, and I love you too much to let you do it, so I'm going to be strong for both of us and end it."

2. Try the indirect approach. This means you just see her less and less often, forget to return calls but al-

ways sound delighted to hear from her when you do return the call. In desperation, the girl will turn to someone else to make you jealous and then it's easy for you to say, "Very well, if that's the way you feel, maybe you're right. Gene is much better for you than I am so let's let it go at that."

3. Travel. This is one of the best ways to end a love affair. A transfer to another city, or an extended business trip are painless ways of breaking a girl's heart. At first, of course, she'll search each day's mail for the letter you promised to send; then she'll begin to write you passionate, tearful, pleading letters. Finally, she'll tell you never mind, she's found someone else, and then you can come home.

In summing up: We can promise any healthy young man a low-budget love affair if he can just be heel enough to convince the girl he loves her. If you you find you mean it... we're not responsible for what happens next.

OLIVER'S TRYSTS

(Continued from page 28)

next one. I'll let you watch, but remember, you're supposed to be Mr. Moneybags!"

What can I tell you? The way he bamboozled those two girls—one at a time, of course — because even Oliver had his limitations — into matching his fiery performance would have given Svengali an inferiority complex.

I overheard phrases like, "If you hope to be believable as a sex-starved Eurasian you're going to have to overcome that unnatural prudishness" — "It's vital to make your body convey all the delicate nuances of the role" — "no, no, you must remember that when she brazenly sheds her underthings she's now a creature stripped of all subtleties." That was for sure!

I lost four pounds that day—and I was only watching!

When later I read the script of 'The Wayward Hour'—which I had smuggled out of Oliver's apartment—it was clear why he had never even tried to get his plays produced, if this was a fair sample of his work.

'The Wayward Hour' was literally a labor of love, with the plot merely a series of hokey devices to provide a framework for his sizzling love scenes. He'd probably used the same story line in all his other plays, simply changing the locale and characters each time.

The next day, acting on one of my more brilliant inspirations, I showed the script to Milo Pope. Milo is one

of the shrewdest literary agents in the business. Halfway through his rapt perusal of a romantic interlude, Milo stabbed a finger at a paragraph describing some business and grunted in admiration, "Why didn't Tennessee Williams think of that?"

"He probably would have," I retorted, "if he'd had Oliver's glands. Now do you see what I mean? This werewolf has his own full moon. Steps must be taken to protect these ingenuous ingenues. Now how would you like to put a stop to this and make some money for your office?" I didn't wait for an answer; I simply moved my chair closer to the desk and started talking—fast.

Finally Milo grinned. "I think you've got something there," he conceded. Coming from Milo, this was like Oscar Levant telling you he has a healthy respect for you!

"But time's a-wastin'," I warned. "From what I saw yesterday, Oliver's about settled on his new leading lady—and you can take that any way you want!"

"Don't worry," Milo reassured me, "my Hollywood representative will be in town for the next three weeks, and this sort of thing is right down this individual's alley!"

For the next ten days I was pretty busy batting out several comedy numbers for an Argentine sister act whose knowledge of English was limited to "This steenks!" By the time I got through explaining every lyrical punchline to them, my songs

seemed to pack all the belly laughs of a Gregorian chant.

Later that night I was unwinding over a solitary seidel of German lager in a Yorkville beirstube—Suzi was out of town with a night club unit at the time—when an arm was draped around my shoulders. I wouldn't have minded *that* so much, but the arm was attached to Oliver.

Nina Reid, the filly that Oliver proudly introduced as his new leading lady was petite. Despite the fact that her chestnut hair was in a pony tail, her hazel eyes somehow gave the impression of maturity, an impression heightened by her quiet self-assurance and the fact that she was built like a Swiss scenic railway.

For the rest of that night we went places and did things. It was obvious that for the first time Oliver was smitten and didn't care who knew it. As for Nina, could be she felt the same way—which would have made me feel like poisoning all the oyster beds.

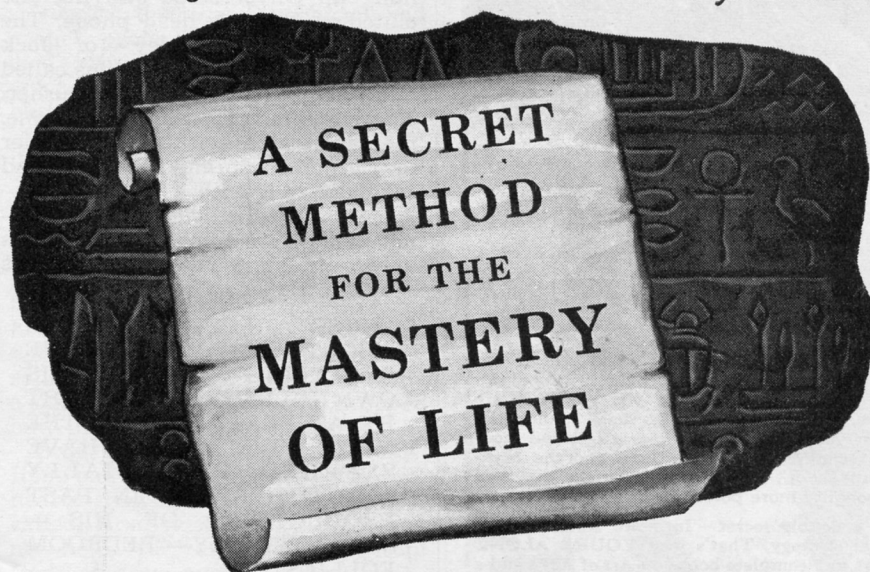
Later that night, while the three of us were having a nightcap in Oliver's digs, I suggested he run the tapes of some of the early readings he had conducted with his prospective leading ladies during the past few years. Oliver shot me a warning glance, but when Nina enthusiastically chimed in, betraying for the first time the devil that lurked in the depths of her eyes—he reluctantly agreed.

While the tapes were being played she refused to be drawn into conversation, simply sitting back and sipping her highball, her feet tucked under her, while she concentrated on the voices coming from the tape recorder. Once, when she thought Oliver wasn't looking, she glanced significantly at me.

Monday night it hit the fan. Oliver had just let me in when the phone rang. Crossing to the desk formerly used by his typist-receptionist, he picked up the phone, and from that moment on his face gradually assumed that smart new color: white on white.

This seemed to be my month for overhearing conversations. In a Southern drawl that sounded remarkably like one of those I'd heard on Oliver's tapes, the voice on the other end said, "Bet you thought you'd never hear from li'l ol' me again, Honey Chile"... "Well, this girl and me, when we started comparin' notes in this producer's waiting room"—"You better return our thousand dollars by tomorrow, lambie-pie, or what a rebel yell that D.A.'s gonna hear!"... "If you think we don't mean business, sugar, why don't you take a look at Jack Ripley's column today, you hear?" Then, with a poisonous sweetness, "G'bye, y' carpet-bagger... how's it feel to have the rug pulled out from under you?"

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For a few seconds after she had hung up Oliver stood swaying and clutching his now dead phone. The mention of Jack Ripley—or 'Jack the Ripper' as his past victims called him—had probably been the crusher. He shuddered, replaced the phone, then as he glimpsed the paper under my arm he sprang forward and snatched at it with a hoarse cry.

It was there, all right, under 'Ripley Reports': a blind item in Jack's lowest-type innuendo. Over Oliver's shoulder I read:

'A CERTAIN COPY WRITER IS ABOUT TO MAKE SOME STARTLING COPY OF HIS OWN UNLESS HE DOES RIGHT BY AT LEAST TWO OF THE MANY LOVELIES WHO HAVE STARRED, FINANCIALLY AND OTHERWISE, IN PAST PRODUCTIONS OF HIS—SHALL WE SAY—"BEDROOM FOLLIES."'

At sight of the misery reflected in Oliver's poached egg pupils, I couldn't help feeling the same pity for him that I had felt for the marlin in 'The Old Man and the Sea.' I felt I had to say something to relieve his distress.

"Relax," I said, "It's a cinch those dames won't go any further as long as they get their dough back. Apparently the money means more to them than their honor."

"One thousands clams!" Oliver moaned, holding his head. "Where am I gonna get that kind of dough on *my* salary?!" He grabbed my lapels with shaking hands. "Look, Cal, you gotta help me convince those chicks they'll get their thousand bucks back but it's gonna take time. I'm not lettin' them railroad me into prison just 'cause I conned them into thinking they were gonna play the lead in—"

That's when he stopped 'cause Nina Reid was standing just inside the door I had neglected to close. Her shocked expression was no match for Oliver's; his resembled a hogcaller with stage fright.

"Okay, now you know!" he blurted,

when he could find speech again, "but so help me, with you I was on the level!" He turned to me and his voice trembled with emotion. "It's the truth, Cal, I never took a dime from her. And you can believe this or not, but all I've ever done is hold her hand!"

"I believe you, Oliver," I said soothingly, "but you're not holding much of a hand right now. The question is: what are you going to do?!"

For the first time that evening Nina spoke. She seemed to have made up her mind about something. "I guess that's my department, Cal," she said as she moved toward Oliver. "Would you mind? This is sorta confidential."

"Be my guest," I said, with a Cary Grant-like wave of my hand.

"Oliver, there's only one thing you can do," Milo Pope's Hollywood representative was softly saying to the stricken playwright as I gently closed the door behind me. Was it my imagination or could I already hear the rustle of an agency contract?

During the rainy season I occasionally get a twinge of conscience when I think of how I had my uncle, a printer with a flourishing shop, replace the page containing Jack the Ripper's column, and insert a certain phony item that I had prepared.

Then I tell myself that if it weren't for me Oliver would never have acquired such a lovely wife—a former actress turned agent—who helped him become a highly-paid Hollywood specialist in the art of creating commercial love scenes for other writers' screen plays.

Invariably, after this amount of soul-searching, I wind up gurgling and cooing as I realize the exquisite torture Oliver must be suffering at being unable to enact those love scenes himself. I know he could do a better job than the high-salaried male stars who portray them.

One thing more I am sure of: the love scenes in those plays he hurriedly left behind in his apartment—the apartment I moved into—didn't do a *thing* for me!

A SHIPBOARD AFFAIR

(Continued from page 41)

forbidden favors came high. But what the hell; even if his poker winnings fell off, he could always wire back for a little capital.

"And Mister Deschamps?" he asked.

The steward opened one hand to expose a stateroom key. "He suns himself from one o'clock until two; a creature of habit."

Brad thought of moulded white shorts and an overflowing Bikini, of weeks of boredom stretching from Southampton to Bordeaux to Naples.

He thumbed through a sheaf of

bills and passed them quickly to the steward. They disappeared under the folded towel, and Brad held a key in his hand.

"Remember," the man said, "One o'clock until two, only. Otherwise, it may be embarrassing."

"Time enough," Brad said.

The preceding hours were tough ones, long and creeping. Brad balanced on the bar stool, watching cheery couples sally forth with suntan lotions to bake themselves. Among them would be the unsuspecting Mister Deschamps—pot-bell-

ied, no doubt, and counting money in his dreams. Well, Brad Mildon had dreams of his own.

At exactly one p.m., he sauntered casually down the corridor to Cabin A-6. Looking up and down the hallway, he slid his key into the door.

She sat upon the bed, ebony hair curling daintily at her earlobes, translucent gown about a full body.

She was big in all the right places, and trim in the correct spots, too. The robe drifted open across the dusky sweep of her ivory thighs.

Yvonne murmured against his mouth, her lips soft and searching—saying things about an aging husband and a desperate need...

Later, Brad dressed while she peered into the corridor, and he left when she motioned urgently to him that all was clear. But not before he kissed her again; not before she breathed softly: "Tomorrow."

Naturally, he lost money in the game that night. Still in a scented daze, Brad tried to fill inside straights and bucked two pairs against one-card draws. He thought of her...

He spared a fleeting thought for the unknown Mister Deschamps, the old idiot who left the tremulous warmth of Yvonne for the heat of a far sun. Any clown who'd rather fondle money than a woman like that—

Next day he came away with the taste of her in his mouth, the remembrance of satin hips and legs.

After that, he didn't see her at meals. She didn't float in the pool any more, didn't appear for the dances in the lounge. Brad frowned, wondering if the vague husband had somehow gotten wind of the escapade.

She said he hadn't, and that was all. Yvonne didn't waste time talking. Her vocabulary seemed limited to soft sighs and endearing gasps, to little explosions of ecstasy at intimate moments. No woman, Brad decided, needed more words than that.

The other American dropped out of the poker sessions, muttering about a nagging wife, and the stakes climbed slowly upward as the ship leisurely neared Southampton. Brad's large banknotes changed themselves into smaller ones and faded away.

There were still books of Travelers Checks, but he began to pay more attention to the cards and his opponents, and less to dreaming about the daily bouts with the amorous Madame Deschamps.

Brad played his cards tighter, and noticed that the others did the same. He couldn't help fretting some about Mister Deschamps. It was understandable, because he still didn't know which of the passengers was Yvonne's husband—and didn't want to ask.

It might be a man like René was going out of style. René was also using Travelers Checks.

Georges, the other Frenchman, had a slick professional look, and handled his cards that way. Nothing crooked, Brad knew—just a sharp, businesslike approach to the game.

The remaining man was the Britisher, signing chits for his bets. Brad's eyes wandered, stopping at one male passenger after another. Any of them might be the legal spouse of the luscious Yvonne.

He pulled his attention back to the game, lifted the corner of his hole card—ace of clubs. It went well with the other black ace up. Brad said something about bait, and made a small bet. The Englishman dropped out; the two Frenchmen stayed.

Brad caught a six of diamonds; René paired a jack; Georges had two hearts showing. René bet; Georges called; Brad raised. More cards and no help for anybody—except Georges drew another heart.

The next boost drove René out, when Georges raised on his possible flush. Last cards: third ace for Brad, another heart for Georges.

Brad felt in his pockets after shoving his last book of checks into the pot. He knew how his partner in Florida Acres would react to a wire. The money would come, but so would a series of cablegrams about riotous living and mending his ways.

Then, if his bad luck still persisted, the fresh supply of cash would go where the rest had gone. No, it was time for him to recognize the fact that his back was to the wall. He would have to make his last move right now—at this very moment.

His fingers closed on a bit of metal. The key; it had cost him enough, and Madame Deschamps was booked all the way to Naples. For a moment, he thought of Yvonne.

Brad put his hand on the table, opened his fist. "This is a key to a certain stateroom, where a certain married lady waits for a lover. Admittedly, it's usable only when the husband is absent—only one hour each day. But what an hour."

There was a pause, a small pool of silence. The Britisher glanced at his fingernails. René coughed and looked away. Georges stared...

"Well?" Brad said. "Your hour," Georges asked, "from one until two?"

Brad's eyes widened. "How—how did you know?"

The gambler reached slowly into his pocket. "Friend Brad, your IOU is perfectly acceptable to me. But I will call your bet in kind."

Brad stared at the identical key the man placed atop his own. He stared harder at four others. Each of them was stamped: A-6.

"And I raise you four," Georges said. "There is no husband, m'sieu. The lady has no time for one."

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A FRIEND INDEED

(Continued from page 17)

we started out by talking about the account like we always did, but pretty soon the conversation got around to why the hell we were so worried about the well-being and happiness of a brewery.

"The trouble is," Eddie decided, "is that we're so damned fouled up in trying to sell beer, that we forget the real purpose of our being. You and I weren't put here just to hustle suds to the mob, there's got to be more to life than that. Yet we spend every waking hour working for and thinking about what will make people guzzle more of our product."

"I had to agree with him. There was no doubt in my mind that he was perfectly right. 'But this is it, Eddie,' I had to protest, 'We're in it and there's no way out. I've got a family that's used to roast beef and station wagons and wants more of it. On the other hand, you're a free agent, you can leave it and nobody's going to go hungry but you.'"

"Don't think it doesn't run through my mind, but plenty. I mean like forgetting this whole, rotten game and just taking off. It's just not as easy as it sounds. But maybe one day I'll get up and, instead of coming downtown, I'll take a cab out to Idlewild and get on the next plane to the Caribbean. Then, when I get there I'll sit down on a beach and write a novel."

"I had to admit it sounded beautiful and I would have loved to see him do it because he was such a great guy. But I merely laughed it off. 'In case you don't make it this week,' I kidded, 'why don't you just come on up to Connecticut and spend the weekend at my place? We can get drunk on Saturday and Sunday, and turn in some great ideas on Monday. Those are our brewer's favorite kinds of ads . . . the ones we do while under the influence. Make it?'"

"Make it," Eddie replied.

"When I told my wife, Carrie, that Eddie would be out for the weekend, she didn't mind at all and the kids got all hopped up because Uncle Eddie was coming to see them again. At one time Carrie would get annoyed whenever I'd bring anyone out to the house for a whole weekend. It upset the routine too much, and Carrie loved routine. But once she got to know Eddie, she didn't mind his coming out at all, even as regularly as he did. He's such a sweet guy, you just had to like him, and the kids would flip just on hearing his name."

"Over the next few days, before the weekend, Eddie and I talked about what we would do if we could

ever get off Madison Avenue. We talked Japan, Europe, Virgin Islands, California, all over. We figured ways of staying in pocket money without getting into another rat race. They were marvelous day dreams and just thinking about it was a wonderful way to spend my evenings. I was sold, if only there was a way. You guys wouldn't understand, because you've been bumming all of your lives, but picture a man with a beautiful, dependent wife; two beautiful, dependent children (a boy and a girl); a house (with some mortgage left); standing in the community, and a bunch of nice friends, who just don't happen to understand your kind of thinking."

"Anyhow, Eddie came out bright and early on Saturday morning. Carrie took him up to get him settled in his room, and I got busy on a big pitcher of dry martinis. A little later, he came back downstairs and we finished the pitcher, talking about how we used to love beer in college, but how much we hated it now. And then while I fixed another pitcher, Eddie got us on the big subject of life and eternal truths."

"You know," he said, "With all of your talk about obligations to your family and society, you miss the whole point. Number one has to be your own personal happiness. If you are happiest, as most people are, in doing things for your family and being obligated and entangled in a thousand different ways, then that's the way you should live. But if you have to throw these things off to be happy, then that is what you have to do, no matter what the consequences are to others or no matter what others think. Personal happiness, that's the long term goal that each man has to set for himself. For you and me, that means a life of complete independence."

"I was getting high in more ways than one by then. Carrie came in and asked if there was anything we wanted from the supermarket. She was going shopping and taking the kids. I told her to get more olives."

"Then we started making specific plans. I would go first, leaving all of my money in the bank, which had grown a considerable amount. On Monday morning, Carrie would drive me to the train like she did every morning when I was going to work. I would treat it like a normal day. It was easier that way. Besides, Eddie would explain the deal to her that night so she wouldn't worry when I didn't come home. Eddie, great guy that he is, promised that he would stick around awhile before taking off himself to see that everything went okay with Carrie and the kids. He also promised to

take care of things for me over at the agency because I even felt obligated to the brewer and to Wilkins and Warren."

"The whole thing went off as slick as I could have wanted. I left the house with eighty dollars in my pocket, went to the city, and took the first bus to Florida. No shakes, no regrets, nothing but satisfaction and, finally, real, personal happiness."

"I got a job in a lemon grove, picking, for a while. I wasn't used to physical work and it was pretty tough for me, but pretty soon I got the hang of it and I felt better than ever. But one night after work, I was lying on my back reading a *New York Times* that was a week old and that had been out in the rain when bang . . . There was old Eddie's picture right in the middle of the business pages, looking like a robber baron of old! The caption explained that Wilkins and Warren had made him an account exec for the brewer to fill my vacancy. Poor guy."

"I had a couple of bucks in my pocket, so I hitched a ride into town and sent him a telegram, telling him how sorry I was that I got him into a mess like that. I hoped it wouldn't interfere with his plans to get away. A few days later I got a special delivery letter from him, telling me to sit tight for a couple of weeks because by then he would be able to get everything all tied up into a neat package, so that he could make more specific plans to leave. But I should make sure to stay right where I was until he contacted me again."

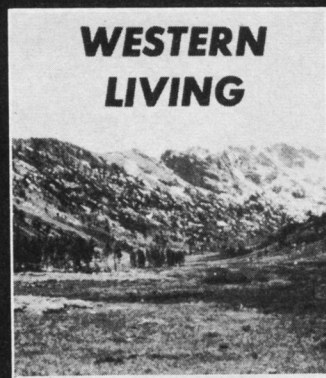
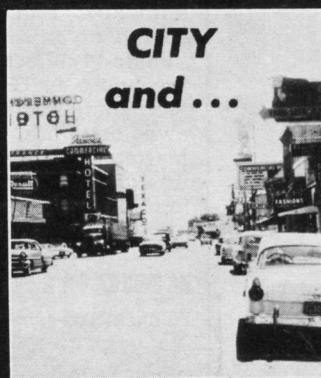
"About ten days later, I got a thick envelope from a lawyer with lots of papers for me to sign. The accompanying letter explained that Carrie was suing me for divorce on grounds of desertion, no alimony asked. I figured that this was only making actualities legal, so I signed and returned the papers on the same day and that was that."

"The lemon season was just about over and I was thinking about moving on when I got another letter, this time from Eddie. He said that he had been spending quite a lot of time with my family and decided that they needed a husband and father. Therefore, he was going to make the ultimate sacrifice and place their needs and my peace of mind over his own personal happiness. After all, what are friends for? He was going to become Carrie's husband and my children's father and they were all going to go on living in the house in Connecticut. He told me not to worry about his having to carry my load, and that anytime I might pass through Connecticut they would be only too happy to have me

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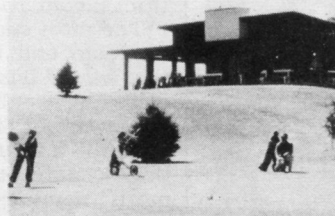
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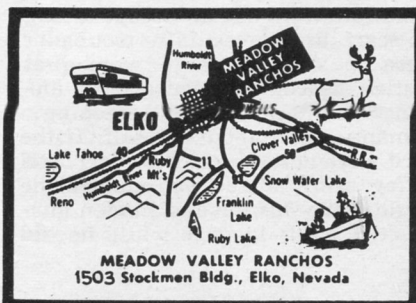
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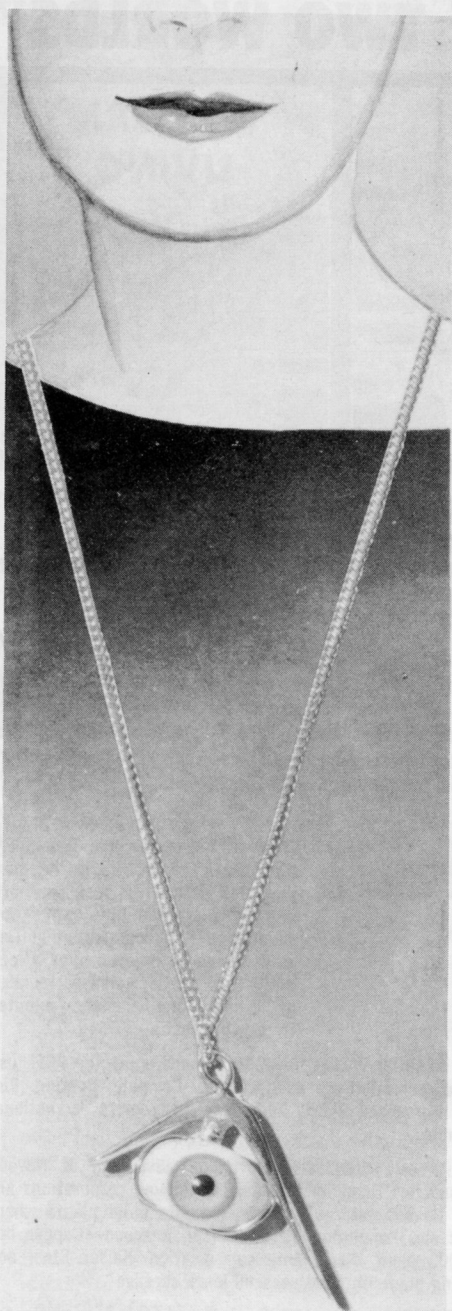
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come and spend a few hours with them.

"Naturally I wrote Eddie and told him how touched I was that he should do this for me. I also asked him to recollect our conversation at the house in Connecticut to the effect that we should consider our own happiness above all else, no matter what. Well, about an hour before that conversation, I now wrote him, I happened to pass the room

where Carrie was helping to get him settled. The door was slightly ajar and I couldn't help glancing in and seeing what I did see. Right then and there, I knew that all of my obligations would be taken care of and that I was free to leave.

"So that's it, gentlemen. Now if there's any of that red wine left, I'd like to propose a toast to the best friend a guy ever had... Eddie Castle. Poor Eddie."

KNIGHTS AND NIGHTIES

(Continued from page 24)

not satisfy his sporting blood. It was too safe and too easy. In order to really have a ball, the true knight had to brave a fierce husband.

In many cases, the husband was the least of it. In order to actually gain his objective, the lover often had to fulfill a series of love tasks that were well-nigh impossible. And if he could do them, the lady was likely to set him another series. By the time she did decide that he had proved his devotion and was entitled to the fruits of his labor, a knight was apt to be too bushed to do anything about it.

The most successful knights of the bedroom and the one who founded the whole business of courtly love were the troubadours or wandering minstrels of the day. Any noble could be a troubador, but in practice they usually turned out to be the more penniless members of the knighthood. They would wander from castle to castle, singing their songs in return for their lodging and a gift.

The best of the troubadours came from Provence which is located in the southern part of France on the Mediterranean Sea. Provence got its name from the fact that it was once a province of those classical lovers par excellence, the Romans. And something in the air of Provence, a simple fact that the Northern knights had not learned up to that time: With women, flattery will get you everywhere.

During the first half of the middle ages, women had a rough time of it. Even the highest born noblewomen were exposed to every sort of danger and discomfort. Not only were they subject to the fortunes of war, but even in peacetime the treatment they received from their lords and masters was not exactly chivalrous. They were sworn at, slapped around and if they dared to argue back they were subject to a stiff punch in the nose. Many were the knights who ended a discussion by bouncing a spouse off a castle wall.

Then, around the time of the twelfth century, the women began to revolt. According to contemporary observers, the girls of the castle were beginning to walk with a wiggle, use

their eyes for purposes other than simple seeing and laugh gayly at the slightest male provocation. In short, they were turning feminine.

It was about this time that the troubadours started to roam the countryside.

The results were electric. Much of the time when Sir Troubadour came calling, the knights of the castle were out fighting, jousting or simply tearing up and down the countryside. The ladies were all by themselves and in a mood to be admired.

And admire them the roving troubador did. In actuality, these ladies were more than capable of taking over the local garrison in their husband's absence. They were perfectly willing to order a man hanged or tortured without batting an eye. They were about as frail and soft as a Nazi Storm Troop leader. But the troubadours treated them as if they were delicate little flowers and the ladies ate it up.

It was a complete social revolution, one of the most thorough-going in the history of manners and morals. And one of the consequences was that the delightful game of cuckoldry became the favorite sport among the upper classes.

At first, it was mainly the troubadours who benefited from the change. And why not? They wrote the book. It wasn't long before every lady had at least one favorite troubador who doubled as lover, story teller and song stylist.

As for the wandering knights, themselves, at first they used to grant their favors indiscriminately, taking on a different lady at each castle. But even for those hardy folk, that sort of existence often grew too dangerous, not to say tiring. Gradually, then, they allowed themselves to be adopted by particular ladies as their followers and to accept a ring or scarf as tokens. If a troubador were to show these to women at castles, he could discourage an unwelcome affair while still keeping a romantic aura about himself. If the lord were not at home, however, and wife were attractive enough, he could keep his tokens hidden discreetly in his luggage while he did

his best to make out with the lassie.

Troubadoring, incidentally, was profitable in money as well as in companionship. Many a penniless knight was able to put aside a small fortune in a few years as a result of his talent. When a knight did this, his first act was invariably to buy himself a castle somewhere and get himself married — being careful, of course, to always stay at home when a young troubador came calling.

It wasn't long before non-singing knights decided that romance could be a lot of fun for them, too. They wouldn't of course, pay any attention to their own wives. In the age of chivalry, marriages were arranged not in heaven, but at business meetings. A marriage was basically a deal that involved money, property and serfs. It was arranged by parents and interested relatives, sometimes before the engaged couple were even born. Marriage during this period could be a lot of things—but the one thing that it almost never was, was romantic.

A single famous exception to this rule was the marriage of Peter Abelard in the twelfth century. Abelard was not a knight, but a scholar and logician with a sharp mind and a controversial personality. His mistress, Heloise, had already given birth to his son when he stole her from her uncle's house with the intention of marrying her. Much to his own surprise, the girl was far from elated at this bit of news. She felt that they'd both be better off if they kept meeting secretly as lovers rather than actually marrying against her guardian's wishes.

She was right. Shortly after the wedding day, some of her uncle's men fixed Abelard in a way that altered his usefulness to her or any other woman.

The point is that if Abelard had the proper chivalrous spirit, none of this would have happened. A true knight in Abelard's situation would have helped the uncle arrange a profitable marriage for the girl. Then he would have settled down to a happy love life with her.

When a knight wanted romance, he wisely followed the custom of the day and looked for it with another person's wife.

Like any other major-league sport, the knightly game of cuckoldry was played according to a definite set of rules—in this case, the ones set down by the troubadors and refined by years of practice. According to the rules, there had to be four distinct stages in a proper love affair: Worship from a distance, a state of humble entreaty where the lover is content merely to be near his love, the solemn declaration of love and the final acceptance by the lady.

Every stage had conventions of its own and had to be played out fully like each inning in a baseball game.

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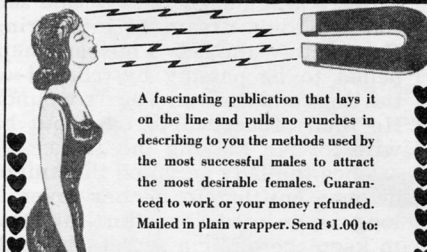
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If a courtly lover did not come through a stage with flying colors, the object of his affections was liable to make like an angry umpire and forfeit the ball game.

The first stage, worship from a distance, was just what the name implied. The knight would use a series of go-betweens, preferably women, to deliver poems and compliments to his intended mistress. Only when the match-makers said that the lady would not mind seeing him, would he come around in person.

During the second stage, the knight would hang around the girl every chance he got while her husband was away—perhaps courting some other knight's wife. He proved his love by flattery and songs, and also by turning pale whenever he caught sight of her. Gifts such as mirrors, handkerchiefs or combs were also permissible in this stage.

When he finally declared his love, it was up to the lady to put him through a series of tests. She could test his mental agility by throwing a group of riddles at him. One favorite, according to contemporary books on the subject, was, "Which half of a woman do you prefer, the upper or the lower?" This had the virtue of putting the poor knight in the wrong no matter which he chose.

In addition to the mental tests, the lady had the right to demand that her would-be lover prove his love in ways that were downright dangerous. She might ask him to enter a certain number of tournaments and fight as her knight. She might even send him traipsing off to the Crusades for five or six years.

Perhaps the limit in love tests was devised by a lady who asked her suitor, a poor clown named Peire de Vidal, to dress himself in a wolf skin and be hunted by castle dogs. He happily obliged. When the animals finally closed in and started to rip him apart, the girl thought this the funniest thing she ever saw and said she wouldn't dream of interfering. Fortunately, the lady's husband happened to be passing by, chased off the dogs and dressed Peire's wounds. He then proceeded to bawl out his wife for not playing the game.

Once the lady accepted the knight, he was entitled to be her lover as long as he made an effort, at least, to keep the affair a secret. He could then start the whole game over again with another married lady. This would not necessarily interfere with the first affair since no less an authority than the Countess of Champagne said that it was O.K. for a man to love two women and, for that matter, a woman could have a pair of knights.

It is true that passion usually was as strong on the woman's side as it was on the man's. More often than not, the whole business of courtly love was a matter of form to help

cuckoldry run its merry course. But, as in any polite society, good form was all important.

It was so important, in fact, that a complicated series of rules were agreed on. Any knight or lady who did not follow these rules was promptly ostracized from the company of all good lovers.

No lady, for example, was permitted to turn down a prospective lover simply because he happened to have a nasty looking war wound. It is wrong for a woman to take on a new knight when the old one is out fighting. A male go-between was not permitted to make love to the lady. But it is all right for a man to pretend to have an affair with one woman in order to test the fidelity of another.

As time went on, many members of the chivalrous set began to have second thought on the whole matter of courtly love. It shouldn't be surprising that most of these doubters turned out to be old roués with grown-up daughters.

One of the ex-lovers, Robert de Blois even wrote a book for his daughter in which he explains how to *avoid* being a mistress. Included in his set of rules were injunctions against letting herself be kissed on the mouth or the breasts and undressing in the presence of men. This, of course, was contrary to the whole spirit of chivalry!

But while de Blois couldn't stem the tide, time and the breakdown of the feudal system did. As many a Greenwich Village knight has said, middle class values and a healthy sex life just don't mix. And the rise of the middle class killed courtly love and cuckoldry as a way of life.

But the knights did have a ball while it lasted. It was Sir Lancelot who put life into the tales of King Arthur, as any reader of Malory will tell you. His affair with Arthur's wife was in the classic tradition and so were his outside love affairs. Arthur himself behaved quite properly and studiously minded his own business until a group of busybodies practically forced him to catch Guinevere and Lancelot in the act. Until then, the affair had gone on for many years without it harming anybody.

But the Malory stories were the last where the chivalrous morality was celebrated. And today, in their popularized editions, they have been toned down to the point where they are a mere series of adventure stories with a few episodes of Platonic love—something which was as foreign to the knights, themselves, as water pistols would have been to the heroes of the American West.

Nowadays, the picture of the age of chivalry is one of knights jousting from the backs of their armored steeds. But I prefer to think of them as they were in the nighttimes, gleefully enjoying other men's beds! ●



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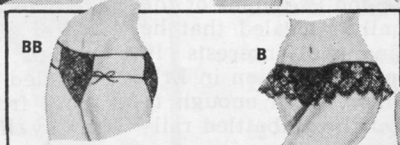


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THE WORLD'S GREATEST IMPOSTORS

(Continued from page 19)

In 1915, attired in a gaudy purple costume dripping with gold braid and posing as "Lt. Commander Royale de St. Cyr of the Royal Rumanian Navy," he was piped aboard the USS *Wyoming* in New York harbor for a ceremonial visit.

In 1922, immaculate in starched summer whites, "Lt. Commander Stanley C. Weyman, U.S. Navy" escorted Princess Fatima of Afghanistan to the White House and presented her to President Harding.

The following year, impressive in a white operating gown, "Dr. Weyman" assisted the famed Austrian surgeon Dr. Adolf Lorenz demonstrate his operating techniques at the New York Hospital for Joint Diseases.

In 1926 "Under Secretary of State Weyman," a picture of sartorial elegance in diplomatic striped pants, tails and top-hat, paid his respects to Queen Marie of Rumania on her arrival for a state visit to the U.S.

Two years later, when the first fliers to span the Atlantic east to west arrived in New York for an official welcome, it was "Capt. Sterling Weyman, U.S. Army Air Corps"—a dashing figure in a tailor-made uniform blazing with service ribbons—who presented them to Mayor Walker on the steps of City Hall.

Each of these capers earned him a brief stay in the cooler. That didn't seem to discourage his passion for uniforms. Nor did the fact that he seldom cleared expenses in any of his escapades. In fact it wasn't until he tried to combine profit with pleasure that he got into real trouble.

During World War II, posing as "Dr. Stanley Weyman, U.S. Selective Service," he opened a draft-dodging school in a New York hotel. For fees ranging from \$400 to \$1,000 he taught reluctant patriots the art of faking deafness, psychoses, nervous diseases, etc.

This time when they caught up with the perennial impostor he got 12 years in a Federal pen, plus a \$17,500 fine.

Last year, aged 70 and broke, he accepted a job as night clerk in a Yonkers motel. One evening a bandit walked in, waved a pistol and demanded the receipts. Maybe Stanley was bored with his dull existence. Maybe he just reacted instinctively. He made a grab for the gun and wound up with three bullets in his carcass—at long last a real but dead hero.

Weyman was one of the last of a long line of colorful exponents of the art of deception.

The manipulations of another clever impostor almost caused a war between the U.S. and Great Britain.

In 1871 an aristocratic young Eng-

lishman took up residence in the finest hotel in Minneapolis. Representing himself as Lord Gordon-Gordon, fabulously rich descendant of the kings of Scotland and confidant of Queen Victoria, he announced that he was prepared to invest several million dollars in American homesites for his overcrowded Scottish tenantry. Directors of the Northern Pacific Railroad took him on a three-months tour of Minnesota and the Dakotas, he selected 500,000 acres of choice railroad lands. Then he took off for New York, allegedly to arrange the transfer of funds from Scotland to finance the purchase.

He arrived in the midst of a titanic battle between rival robber barons for control of the Erie Railroad. Presenting letters of introduction to Horace Greeley (soon to become candidate for President of the U.S.), he casually revealed that he represented financial interests in England holding \$50 million in Erie voting stock—more than enough to insure control of the embattled railroad.

Jay Gould, fighting to retain the presidency of the Erie, promptly called on his lordship and solicited his support. Lord Gordon-Gordon was willing—provided the American speculator would put up a substantial pledge to guarantee good faith. So Gould meekly handed over half a million dollars in cash and negotiable securities, to be held in escrow and returned when the railroad reorganization was completed.

When large blocks of these securities were marketed, the shrewd Yankee trader realized he'd been outsmarted. He sent a private investigator to England, learned that Lord Gordon-Gordon was a fake. Actually, he was the illegitimate offspring of a furtive liaison between the son of a Scottish preacher and the family maid. Posing as Lord Glencairn, he had conned a prominent Edinburgh jeweler out of 25,000 pounds (about \$125,000) in diamonds and other valuables, escaped arrest by fleeing to America.

To avert a scandal, the bogus British peer graciously agreed to return the cash and securities. In the shuffle he managed to short-change the sucker to the tune of \$150,000. The enraged Gould swore out an arrest warrant, only to discover that the slick swindler had departed for parts unknown. A reward of \$25,000 for his capture was posted.

The following year word reached Minneapolis that Lord Gordon-Gordon was living in customary style at Fort Garry (now Winnipeg), about 50 miles north of the border. A posse of vengeful citizens

—including the Minneapolis chief of police, two future Governors and three future Congressmen—stole across the border, snatched the noble swindler from his bed and started for home. They were intercepted by Northwest Mounted Police and thrown into jail without bail on charges of kidnapping one of Her Majesty's most illustrious subjects.

The result was a red-hot international incident. The U. S. State Department filed an official protest with the British Ambassador, charging the Americans had been nabbed south of the border, the Canadians denied it. Public indignation in America reached the boiling point, hot-heads began agitating for war. The Governor of Minnesota alerted the State Militia for action, thousands of volunteers were enrolled in an "expeditionary force" to rescue the imprisoned Americans.

It took the personal intervention of President Grant and Prime Minister Sir John Macdonald of Canada to avert a third war with Britain. After six months in jail the Minnesotans were sent home, empty handed. Lord Gordon-Gordon, secure from extradition, continued to enjoy his ill-gotten gains. But not for long.

The Edinburgh jewelers bilked by "Lord Glencairn" sent a representative to Canada with a warrant for his arrest. Police picked up Gordon-Gordon in his hotel. His lordship requested permission to pack a bag, stepped into the next room, put a pistol to his head and blew out his brains.

It was a spectacular end to a spectacular fraud.

While many imposters have clowned in the guise of nobility, only one ever achieved the distinction of becoming a king. His name was Otto Witte, and he actually was a clown. Descended from a long line of distinguished German circus performers, Otto made his debut at the age of 8 as a boy lion tamer in a traveling circus. Later he managed the difficult arts of swallowing a four-foot sword and eating fire, finally achieved an international reputation as a clown.

The crowning episode of his career occurred in 1913, when he was traveling through the Balkans with a circus. Albania had just proclaimed its independence and offered its throne to Prince Halim Eddine, a cousin of the Turkish sultan. Photos in the newspapers revealed that Otto Witte was a perfect double for the prince. In the course of a drinking bout, performers at the circus conceived a fantastic scheme to crown the clown and take over a country.

A few days later Otto rode into Durazzo, capital of Albania, on a magnificent white charger borrowed from the circus. He wore the fancy dress uniform of a General of the



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Turkish army, complete with decorations and medals. Behind him cantered an impressive retinue of uniformed guards — all of them recruited from the circus.

The garrison was paraded in his honor, the troops took an oath of allegiance to their new ruler. The guns boomed a royal salute, the population cheered and shouted: "Long live Halim I, King of Albania!"

In his inaugural address, the new king warned his people that the Serbs were massing troops on the frontier, preparing for an invasion. He personally would lead his troops against their traditional enemy. "We will conquer Belgrade!" he promised. "If the Greeks intervene, the entire might of the Turkish Empire will crush them, too!"

His reign lasted just two weeks. Then telegrams began to pour in from Constantinople, denouncing the usurper and demanding his overthrow. The comic opera was over. "To avoid unnecessary bloodshed"—presumably his own—King Otto quietly abdicated the throne and slipped out of town. He and his friends made it to the Greek border just two jumps ahead of a pursuing troop of Turkish cavalry.

Otto went back to his first love, the circus. But up to his death in 1958, at the ripe old age of 87, the clown who became king never forgot his brief taste of glory.

Among history's most fabulous imposters are a number of women. In 1746 Mary Hamilton was tried at Taunton, England, for posing as Charles Hamilton, a man, and in this guise marrying no fewer than 14 women! According to a contemporary account the defendant's latest "wife," Mary Price, testified in all innocence as follows:

"They lived and bedded together as man and wife for more than a quarter of a year, during which time so well did the imposter assume the character of man that she (the witness) still actually believed she had married a fellow creature of the right and proper sex. At length she became mistrustful, and comparing certain circumstances with a married neighbor she became convinced that Mary had acted the part of Charles toward her by the vilest and most deceitful practices."

In 1865 the mortal remains of Dr. James Barry, late Inspector-General of H.M. Army Medical Services, were brought to an undertaking establishment in London. Upon disrobing the corpse, the undertaker was astounded to learn that this distinguished veteran of nearly half a century's service in one of the roughest, toughest armies of the world was a lady! Furthermore there was unmistakable evidence that at some time during his Army career this illustrious "gentleman"

had actually given birth to a child!

Her real name, birthplace and origin are unknown. Records show that James Barry entered Edinburgh University in 1808, received a medical degree in 1812, immediately obtained a commission as medical officer in the Army. At that time no physical examination was required of officers.

Dr. Barry was first stationed at Malta, where messmates soon learned not to twit him about his shrill voice and effeminate manner. He is said to have killed three of them in duels. In 1815, at the Battle of Waterloo, he was officially commended for conspicuous bravery and promoted to the rank of assistant surgeon.

He became Principal Medical Officer in the colony, established a leper colony near Capetown. About this time, it is believed, Dr. Barry gave birth to a child. Who its father was, and how the Cape's top medical officer managed to keep his pregnancy a secret, offers considerable room for speculation. One detail is known: the child was a leper.

The fact that Dr. Barry kept a leprous child in a native hut was known to many people. It was commonly believed that he was its father. No one even dreamed at the time that he actually was its mother!

Dr. Barry occupied increasingly important posts in Canada and the West Indies. In both places the middle-aged bachelor's amatory exploits furnished a lively topic of conversation long after he'd departed from the scene.

Recalled to London, in 1857 he was named Inspector-General, top post in the British Army Medical Services. A year later, completing 45 years in the Army, he was placed on the retired list. He lived in seclusion until his death.

An Army investigating board suppressed the scandal. All official papers referring to Dr. Barry were removed from War Office files and burned. He (or rather she) was buried without pomp or ceremony in Kensal Green Cemetery, London. The grave is marked by a headstone with the simple legend:

"DR. JAMES BARRY,
INSPECTOR-GENERAL
H.M. ARMY MEDICAL SERVICES
DIED, JULY 25th, 1865."

During World War II California was rocked by a similar scandal, with a slightly different twist.

For nearly 20 years Bessie Mount's place at Oxnard was one of the most reputable houses of ill fame in the southern part of the state. It was a high-class joint, catering only to respectable business and professional men. Appointments had to be made in advance, no toughs or drunks were admitted. The girls were refined, the liquor unadulter-

ated, and the madame so discreet.

Bessie herself was an attractive female and ornament to the community. She contributed to all charity drives, attended church regularly, made generous donations to both political parties. Furthermore she discouraged personal attentions from admirers, thus avoiding battles with jealous wives.

After Pearl Harbor, Bessie patriotically volunteered her services as an air-raid spotter. She spent evenings on a lonely post overlooking the Pacific, scanning the skies for hostile planes. Her only companion was a husky young farmhand named Carlos Perkins. What else happened in the long watches of the night is not known.

However it is a matter of record that Carlos suddenly enlisted in the army. And just before he left for basic training, he and Bessie were married. It was a church wedding, with all the trimmings.

The establishment of a training camp near town posed a problem to Bessie. Obviously it was her patriotic duty to help entertain our boys in uniform. On the other hand she was acutely aware that civilian business would vanish if the army moved in. She found a happy and profitable solution to her dilemma by opening two more brothels in another part of town, solely for the troops.

Everybody was happy — until an epidemic of venereal disease broke out in camp. MPs raided the joints, and medical officers proceeded with a physical examination of the inmates. Bessie protested vigorously. None of her girls were infected, she insisted. It was the amateur competition that spread VD. That, said the officer in charge, remained to be seen. Meanwhile would Madame please step into the next room for her examination?

Fighting tooth and nail, she was dragged into the next room and stripped. And doctors came up with the astounding discovery that Bessie Mount was a man!

All Oxnard buzzed with gossip. The Army closed down the two establishments and launched an investigation. It found that the female impersonator had been receiving an allotment check each month as the "wife" of a soldier. James (alias Bessie) Mount and Carlos Perkins were arrested and charged with defrauding the government.

The U.S. District Court was packed when the defendants came up for hearing. Spectators who anticipated titillating revelations were disappointed. To avoid revealing intimate details of their relationship, both defendants pleaded guilty.

Moral: If you're ever tempted to become an impostor, don't change your sex. And above all, don't try to impose on the Government. ●

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Willing and Able**

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